JOHN BULL, week ending FEBRUARY 28, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1863

3D EVERY THURSDAY

DOUBLE THE PACE By the EDITOR

SMITH FAMILY, MOSCOW

THREE DANGER POINTS by A.G.G.

Important

'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar. Remember also that 'Ovaltine' can be eaten dry if desired. It is important to note that in whatever form you take 'Ovaltine,' you benefit from the milk which is already in it, as well as from its other well-known nutritive properties.

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Milk of the highest quality standardised by the famous 'Ovaltine' Jersey Herd is an important constituent of 'Ovaltine.' Thus, if liquid milk is not available, you can make your 'Ovaltine' with water only, or with dried milk or condensed milk.

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P585A

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YOU may find that it's often hard to buy Lux Toilet Soap in the shops. The reason is that this film-star soap-and-water treatment is more popular these days than ever it was — and there's a limit to the amount of Lux Toilet Soap that we can make.

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For Lux Toilet Soap has an *active* lather. This means that it lasts longer. It doesn't dry up and disappear.

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And remember, it's wasteful to let your soap float about in the bath or basin, or in a watery dish. It will last far longer if you keep it dry. A rubber mat, if you have one, is the best idea. Or a wire soap dish will do.

Lux Toilet Soap is now sold in the new 3½d. tablet (Purchase Tax included).

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The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

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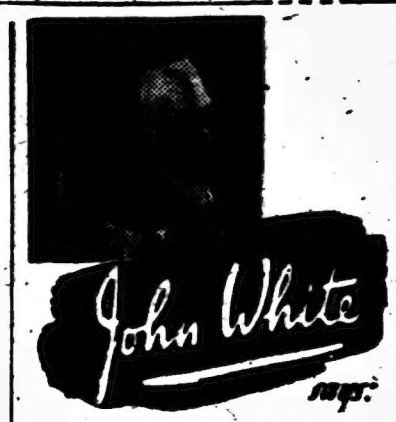

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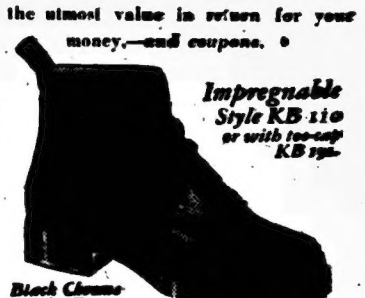

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7½d. 1/3 1/10½d.
Including Tax

CB/VK

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 28, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

MERCY!

● **At last reforms are to be introduced in the military prisons.**

Last year the War Office set up a committee to consider the subject. It has now reported.

And, as a result, it is understood that hardened criminals will no longer be confined in the "glasshouse" with young recruits who have committed some minor offence.

Such measures are obviously necessary. But they will not be enough.

Not nearly!

There must be complete reform.

The cruel and ridiculous rule that nearly every task must be performed at the double should be scrapped.

Heavy pack drill must be abolished. Useless and irritating drills must be ended.

The War Office should investigate reports that some prisoners have to empty water from one tub to another with a spoon. They then have to transfer it back to the first tub—and so on for hours on end.

Others scrub a passage. Troops with muddy boots are marched down it. The prisoners have to start scrubbing again.

Even nerve patients in military hospitals are ordered such fantastic tasks for a breach of regulations. Their doctors have no authority in such matters.

So JOHN BULL demands *complete* reform of our military prisons.

Straight from the Shoulder

FRESH START

NOT only has public confidence largely been restored by the Cabinet changes.

The nation regards them as an augury of a new determination to wrest the initiative from the Axis.

Welcome though they are, there is one cause for regret.

It is a pity that the War Cabinet will not be in constant session, composed of men freed from departmental responsibilities.

Counsel for the Defence

Lord Beaverbrook should be in his element across the water. But Mr. Churchill's astuteness is best seen in the case of Sir Stafford.

At one stroke he has silenced a potentially dangerous critic and secured a brilliant K.C. for the Government's defence. The poacher has turned gamekeeper with a vengeance!

Get On—or Get Out

Even though a small Inner Cabinet has not been vouchsafed, the public expects the new Government to "get on with the job" in a big way.

Methods, not men, will decide the war's course. And much will depend on the methods adopted by Capt. Lyttelton.

Unfortunately, the extent of his control over our arms production is still not clear.

Power to His Elbow!

But there is no doubt either of his great ability or his business acumen. That combination, plus a habit of quiet hustling, should result in a sustained impetus to the business of turning out machines and munitions.

Over All

Air power should have first claim on his attention.

More and more 'planes are needed, and needed urgently.

Fleets of fighters and bombers will enable us to avenge our defeats on land and sea. Clouds of 'planes will enable us to cripple our enemies and bring us final success!

Service Squabbles

Ignore the people who want the R.A.F. used solely to bolster up the Navy or Army.

Co-operation, certainly, but there is no time to waste on humouring the prestige of this Service or that, no excuse for any departmental squabbling.

Let there be no more controversy about possession and procedure. Make the 'planes and *use* them!

Biggest Ever

Adapt them to special purposes as required. Employ them wherever they have a chance to operate.

But, above all, concentrate on producing them in such numbers that even our present output will seem puny!

War of Movement

Unlike the land-locked struggle of 1914-18, this is a war of movement and speed. The 'plane is the greatest exponent of both.

It can make an army invincible. It can keep a navy afloat. It can maim the enemy's industries. It can reverse the most perilous situation.

Weeks, even months, must elapse before the Far East can be reached by sea. Air reinforcements can be sent in a matter of days.

We have not yet begun to use the air to our fullest advantage. It is Capt. Lyttelton's task to see that we may soon be able to do so.

New Front!

The task of the entire Cabinet is to reinforce all sectors of our World Front.

But some critics demand more. They agitate for operations on new sectors.

Their suggestion that we should invade Norway or Finland is rash, for it would lead to a further splitting of our strength.

Four Needs

We must make sure of success on our present battlefields before taking a gamble elsewhere.

We must conquer the Mediterranean, Libya, and, indeed, all our enterprises depend upon our offensive there. We must save what remains of our Far Eastern strongholds. We must prepare to help in the defence of Turkey.

And we must sweep the U-boats from the Atlantic before assailing the great new naval bases the Nazis have built at Narvik and Trondheim.

Action Stations

JOHN BULL has no doubt that the northern waters will be the scene of action this year.

Hitler may well be disturbed at our great and growing supplies to Russia. He may well attempt to cut our supply line.

But we should have less to send if we sought to invade the Continent just yet. We should be wiser to sustain our magnificent ally against the gigantic and desperate offensive that Hitler will soon launch against him.

Nazi Offensive

How gigantic it will be is revealed by Whitehall. It was indeed revealed by JOHN BULL months ago; we reported in detail how all Occupied Europe was being organised into a vast winter hive of production for the Nazi war machine.

Whitehall could more sensibly have issued its warning at the start of winter, not at the end.

Break the Bonds!

Our own production does not match the Nazi effort.

Our hands are still bound by red tape, our feet shackled by the iron fetters of conservatism.

Bolder direction from the top, but more initiative allowed to men on the spot, will secure an immense increase in our industrial efficiency.

The Choice

It is a matter of life and death. The Governor-General of the Dutch Indies warns us that the policy of constantly retiring to prepared positions can lose us the war. He is right.

No doubt we are preparing surprises that will give the Japanese a shock. But they must be delivered quickly, or Burma will fall, India be attacked, and the whole of the Pacific be lost to us for years.

Waste Goes On

So we cannot afford to waste a minute or a man. Yet we not merely waste time and man-power. We squander them.

The Beveridge Report shows how skill is wasted in the Army. Though published only a few days ago, it has been "under consideration" by the War Office for three and a half months.

There was no need for either the long investigation or the lengthy Report. The scandal was exposed on this page a year and more ago.

Lost His Head

And what of industry?

One aircraft miller, who for fifteen weeks had drawn £5 a week for doing nothing, became so mad that he assaulted his foreman.

Appearing in court, he swore that not one in twenty people employed at the factory has any work to do.

Good Will

Those conditions, and others described overleaf, must be remedied if the Government is to retain the workers' good will.

Moreover, a supreme effort should be made to gain the good will of peoples overseas.

It is good that Mr. Attlee has taken Dominion affairs within his province. It is imperative that a new spirit should also be shown towards the Colonies and India.

Eyes on India

Read how the people of Malaya were neglected by our Government there!

They were not called on to help when the enemy was at the gates. So our troops had to be kept back from the front to unload ships and fill up bomb craters!

That must not happen in India.

New Roads

Chiang Kai-shek's visit there has not only opened—in the nick of time—a new route for our aid to China.

It has opened a road by which we can reach understanding with India.

Inspiring leadership could solve the Indian problem now. It may well prove insoluble if shelved till after the war.

Wanted

It is inspiring leadership which alone can solve the many problems of the Home Front.

Exhortations to workers are unnecessary: our people will work if provided with the jobs. Appeals for "national unity" insult a determined nation

Hitler is planning the most intensive campaign ever imagined. This country looks to the new Cabinet for direction that will convert his desperate plunge into a death leap.

(Continued overleaf)

PERSECUTING THE AGED

● **Men who slack on essential jobs are helping Hitler.**

No one can dispute that.

But JOHN BULL thinks some discrimination should be shown. Not all the men who take a day off work are shirkers deserving of punishment.

Some are not perhaps quite fit enough to work hard every day. They should be praised for doing as much as they can.

Two Staffordshire miners provide a case in point.

They have been fined 10s. each by the pit production committee for taking a day or two off.

That 10s. represents their old age pension.

Yes, they are both old. Between them they have worked 123 years in the same colliery.

One is aged eighty-one; the other seventy-five.

They should not have been fined. They should be thanked.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE Government "wishes to refute tales of failure" in arms production.

Yet it does not actually deny that production could be much better, it admits hearing of idle time and waste.

It shall hear some more.

War Work!

In one large engineering factory, day-shift operators clock in at 7.30 a.m. By eight o'clock they have put on their overalls.

Then the big problem has to be faced: **Is there any work available? And, if so, how can it be made to last so as to leave a little for the night-shift to do?**

Fast Machines

It isn't easy to spin out the work, for the machines are the latest type American precision-tooled gears, capable of high speed.

However, lucky operators start them up, while the "unlucky workless" read the newspapers till the lunch interval.

In the afternoon, perhaps, great activity is shammed. Important visitors are expected—but they are carefully shepherded by officials away from the "rebellious characters" who might talk indiscreetly.

Afternoons Free

Sometimes the paid workless take the afternoon off. Nobody minds. In any case, they'd just have to walk about, have tea, and wait for the five o'clock hooter.

If you have read JOHN BULL for the last two years, you'll know that this factory is not unique.

Nicely Wrapped

Let us move on. In another factory (a worker reports) a row of brand-new drilling-machines has been idle for months.

Not even their wrappings have been removed!

All Change

In another factory, the girls are put on different work every three months.

The principle may be good, but the result is that full efficiency is not attained.

Hold Up

For eighteen months a great steel plant has been unable to despatch its full output.

Neither management nor workers can be blamed. The railway company says that supplies must be restricted. And the firm is not allowed to load at its own wharf.

So Lord Beaverbrook was clearly right in saying there's plenty of opportunity for improvement. We seem to remember saying so a very long time ago.

Watch the News

In one direction at least, effort is being made to stop the waste of vital war materials.

There will soon be a big crop of petrol prosecutions. And some of those accused of having obtained illicit supplies are in official positions.

Petrol for Hounds

To save petrol, food deliveries to Somerset villages are being heavily cut down. Groceries arrive once a fortnight.

So the villagers are surprised that there's still enough petrol for the Minehead Harriers' hounds to be driven in a van to the "meet" at least twice a week.

First-Class Smokers

Here's another "class distinction" perpetuated by the war:

A Royal Ordnance Factory issued a No Smoking order. The factory police thereupon searched the officials as well as workmen; one was found to have a petrol lighter in his pocket.

Now the police have been sternly told that no foreman or higher official must be searched.

Marooned in Britain

Sympathise, too, with the War Reserve Police. Nearly thirty were enlisted and sent to a distant town with an advance payment of 10s.

At the end of the first week's service they drew no pay, were told that wages would be paid fortnightly, yet had to find 30s. for their lodgings.

Next week they drew their pay—and all of it went to meet their bills. Result, after a month of service they have been unable to send their wives a penny.

Wrong Address

There's a big laugh going up in some war factories. The Government has kindly sent them large posters and handbills bearing the slogan: "Hurry the Hurricanes!"

Why the laugh? Because the factories do not make Hurricanes or any part of them.

Paper-Wasters

A woman has served in the Land Army for months. Recently she had to register with her age-group. After receiving four forms asking her the questions she had already answered, she called at the local employment exchange and was assured she would be bothered no more.

But she's received yet another form—one that she had already completed, of course.

Deferred

But the worst-ever example of official bungling concerns a young chemist. He volunteered for the R.A.F. before the war, has submitted himself to five "medicals" and travelled 900 miles for the purpose.

Last July he was accepted as a pilot and sent home on "deferred service." The Ministry of Labour insists that he is a reserved worker, though he's now unemployed and has sacrificed his prospects and his savings by his three-years' fight to get into the war.

Spick and Span

However, his boredom is shared by men who knew the excitement of Dunkirk.

One platoon, preparing for duty as a divisional guard, has spent one week scrubbing their equipment snow white, another week blancoing it, and are now highly polishing their ammunition.

It isn't done in the Russian Army.

Comfort!

In addition to their pay, officers get a field allowance to provide comforts when they are on active service. Rates range from 2s. a day for subalterns to 3s. 6d. for colonels.

But the Army idea of comfort is quaint. For the officer loses his field allowance directly he is provided with a steel poker, a scuttle, shovel and bucket. Yes, even if he's living in a tent.

Contrast

So you can imagine the ramp in A.A. batteries, where all are on active service. If the War Office wants to economise, it provides "furnished quarters" in the shapes of scuttle, shovel, poker and bucket.

It doesn't mollify the junior officer to be called "Sir" by the civilian workers in the battery cookhouse—for they often receive more pay than he.

Desirable Property

A school building was requisitioned by the War Office. At great expense, the school moved to a country house, and the principal obtained a guarantee that it would be left undisturbed in the new premises.

But that guarantee applied only to the War Office. The Air Ministry now proposes to commandeer the house for an officers' mess—having waited until it has been fitted up with electricity, boilers and so on.

Requisitioning is becoming another word for ramp.

Making Work

Tens of thousands of men and women would be released for national service if banking and insurance were rationalised.

Both industries have duplicated work. Though the banks have already closed about a thousand branches, JOHN BULL cannot see the reason for maintaining still as many as five branches in a single town. Nor is it necessary for three or four different banks to maintain offices in the same town.

Concentrate!

Last December, Mr. Bevin declared that a policy of concentration must be carried out in banking and insurance.

JOHN BULL wants to know why nothing further has been done. Has the Government been beaten by the power of vested interests?

Nice Price

One vested interest—the Land—grows steadily richer.

Small cottage in Somerset has no electricity or gas, no fireplaces upstairs. It was sold in 1936 for £75, was sold again last October for £1,500.

Its rent has risen from 4s. 6d. a week to £80 a year, plus rates. Local council considers the latter a fair rent.

Justification!

In Hertfordshire are timber cottages, formerly rented at 7s. 6d., which now fetch up to 35s. a week.

Victims who complain are told: "But you were willing to pay it when your houses were being bombed in London."

Does bombing justify profiteering?

Muddled Thinking

One overcharged tenant will be told he has no remedy because he took a furnished house. But somewhere else a man will be smartly fined for letting a furnished house at too big a rent.

The Government allows the ramp and muddle to continue. That is why JOHN BULL judges it is frightened of annoying vested interests.

Every Penny Helps

You're doing fine. Membership of the 1d.-a-Week Red Cross Fund has risen to more than 7,500,000, and the total sum collected is nearly £1,750,000.

But can you do a bit more? Every extension of the war demands more Red Cross help, and that's a war service every man, woman and child in the country can share.

Where's Teacher!

The shortage of teachers is becoming acute. But could not more children be taught and classes kept to reasonable size by working a shift principle?

You see, many elementary teachers are at school only 27½ hours a week, plus an average of a week's holiday every two months.

Now, suppose their evening "homework" were abolished and they worked instead an extra hour every afternoon. Some children could attend from 1.30 to 3.30; others from 3.30 to 5.30.

Saturday Duty

All schools should be opened on Saturday mornings.

No doubt the teachers will criticise this suggestion; but there is no gainsaying the fact that education has seriously declined during the war and that the leeway must be made up before masses of half-educated youngsters are thrown into the labour market.

Behind the News

- **Owing to timber shortage, wooden coffins are now forbidden in Germany. Present stocks will be reserved for Nazi families.**
- *Von Leeb, Nazi commander on the Leningrad front, is in violent conflict with Hitler, but he is one of the few generals Hitler dare not sack at the moment.*
- Tokio war lords have ordered a big purge owing to the failure to take Philippines in fourteen days as planned. Six generals and an admiral are reported to have committed hara-kiri.
- **Most shipping captured by the Nazis in Odessa, including an unfinished battleship, has been damaged by sabotage in Rumanian ports.**
- *Sabotage, also, on hundreds of concrete invasion barges built in Greek inlets and island bases.*
- Antonescu of Rumania now has an S.S. bodyguard; his assassination has been attempted five times lately.
- **Rommel complains that he can no longer rely on even the best Italian units to hold their own in any crisis.**
- *Speer, Hitler's new Minister of Munitions, is in great difficulty. Killed with his predecessor Todt were the three leading officials of his department who alone knew the most vital secrets.*
- Horthy wants to resign in order to enjoy the fortune amassed during his twenty-five years as Hungary's Regent; he fears that if he stays, the Nazis will take his money from him.
- **Nazis want him to be succeeded by his son, Stephen Horthy, gambler and profiteer, who would give them all they demand of Hungary.**
- *Thousands of German girls have recently been married to "dead German soldiers" in a heathenish ceremony.*
- S.S. men and troops are pouring into Austria for fear of a violent demonstration on March 11, the anniversary of the annexation.

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

DOUBLE THE PACE!

WHILE the country is rightly concerned for a more vigorous prosecution of the war overseas, it should never be forgotten that here in our own land is the dynamo which supplies the driving force for the whole national effort.

Who can pretend that this great dynamo is yet working to capacity or anything like it? Certainly not JOHN BULL, for we are well aware, not only that production falls far short of maximum, but also that the generating flood of national enthusiasm is running partly to waste.

We must double the pace. We have reached a crisis which calls for immediate and drastic revision of our entire domestic policy.

The public is eager for this. It is sick of appeals and exhortations, disgusted by glaring inequalities, and contemptuous of piecemeal legislation.

Members of Parliament are voicing the general demand for vigorous action. They are stressing the importance of dealing firmly with profiteers and petrol wasters and of taking many other energetic measures which we have consistently advocated.

JOHN BULL has always proclaimed that this ought not to be a comfortable war for anybody, and to-day we urge the Government to consider forthwith the following definite suggestions:—

TOTAL MOBILISATION: Already there is compulsory registration of men between the ages of sixteen and sixty, for one form or another of National Service. See that the man- and woman-power is properly used. Sir William Beveridge's strictures on the wicked *mis*-use of men in the Army should help. A similar inquiry into War Industries is overdue.

TOTAL USE OF WEALTH AS WELL AS MAN-POWER: Direct taxation is said to have reached its limit—the point at which higher rates would not increase the total yield.

We therefore favour action on the lines of the Keynes Plan, which would involve a system of compulsory saving. This would have to be graded as income tax is already graded, and we should not shrink at the prospect of compulsory loans to the State.

The Government should take the profit motive out of war altogether.

It should instantly abolish every form of cost-plus contract, and it should limit dividends as in Australia.

TOTAL PRODUCTION DRIVE: Remove all the bureaucratic red tape that is strangling home production. Cut out absenteeism by taking the workers' income tax from the weekly pay packet. Cut out all back collections and free overtime from tax altogether. The effect upon production would soon be felt.

TOTAL CONTROL OF WAGES: We have stressed the need of a wages policy again and again in this paper, and we are convinced that *organised Labour would cheerfully accept drastic control, provided capital be controlled with equal severity.*

Maximum and minimum wages should, therefore, be established for every class of worker, whether they wear boiler suits or white collars.

And Service pay and allowances should obviously be adjusted to make it certain that the fighting men were no worse off than the average civilian.

TOTAL CONTROL OF ALL CONTROLLABLE PRICES: This would involve the rationing of all foodstuffs and clothing and, as far as practicable, the closing down of all purely luxury businesses.

It should certainly include the abolition of luxury meals, already a source of exasperation to fair-minded people.

We suggest that no meal costing more than, say, three shillings should be served in any eating place from the "Ritz-Carlton" down to the humblest coffee-stall.

And, furthermore, the best chefs might very well be mobilised for service in the larger communal feeding centres.

TOTAL SUPPRESSION OF PLEASURE MOTORING: The country is admittedly in urgent need of petrol and of rubber, and we suggest that no car licence should be issued except for strictly business or professional purposes.

Any abuse of these business licences should be punishable by imprisonment without the option.

TOTAL WAR UPON PROFITEERS AND RACKETEERS: Every week we are exposing the shocking scandal of the Black Markets, which are fast developing into a conspiracy against the community.

Now no less an authority than Sir William Jowitt, the Solicitor-General, advocates the shooting of these profiteering rats.

We do not much care whether they are shot or not, provided that every proved offender be sent to jail or penal servitude, and also fined so heavily that his total transactions show him a loss instead of a profit.

TOTAL AND NATIONAL CONTROL OF FIRE-WATCHING AND A.R.P.: Every loyal and hard-working citizen, every steady and patient voluntary worker, is dissatisfied with the existing system.

There are shocking inequalities between district and district, and these will never be remedied until these Civil Defence Services are nationally organised with a hard core of full-time, highly trained personnel.

Spare time fire-watchers and A.R.P. workers under military age, if fit, are generally doing work of even greater national importance. Indeed, many older men and women are similarly placed.

Real patriotism is not always in uniform except in the hen-brains of the white-feather donors.

LET no reader suppose that any of the foregoing suggestions are here advanced as mere talking-points. All of them have received support at one time or another in Parliament or in the Press or in both.

They all present difficulties, and they will all provoke argument and furious opposition.

The lead must come from the top, and we hope that the reconstruction of the War Cabinet will mean bold changes of method which will speed up the entire machinery of government, particularly on the Home Front.

There has been far too much centralisation. That trend should be reversed.

Bottlenecks in production often arise because every detail has to be submitted to Whitehall, because managements are swamped by forms from Whitehall, and because Whitehall is apt to take a month to decide the most trifling query.

We repeat that policy must be clearly framed by the nation's Executive in London.

But regional production boards should be allowed more power to smooth out any difficulties that occur in the operation of that policy.

In a total war, bureaucracy and half-heartedness are national perils.

Russia has led the Free World in its national conception of total sacrifice to meet the threat of total war. Had she not done so, she would have gone the way of every weakling State that the Nazi military machine has overwhelmed.

And, if we are not prepared to match the Russian spirit with equal fortitude, we can expect nothing but defeat in our turn, or, at best, a contemptible share in the victory that braver spirits and stouter hearts may win for us.

How can these Men do Good Work?

CHAOS in the billeting of workers continues.

Men engaged to build aerodromes, underground ammunition dumps, isolated food stores and so on, have been sent to camps where conditions are intolerable.

Many of them are too old for military service, or not of a sufficiently high medical standard.

Yet they have been expected to live under conditions worse than our troops were called on to experience in the first winter of the war.

There has been the same inefficiency, in many places, in the billeting of men sent to work in war factories

Workers well past the age at which roughing it is enjoyable have been allotted rooms in private houses hardly fit for pigs—at such high costs that it is obvious the landladies believe the fiction that every munition maker is a millionaire.

★ ★ ★

We have investigated the case of a painter, member of the Holloway Branch of the National Society of Painters, who was sent to a tremendous war construction "job" in the provinces.

He returned to London almost at once because living conditions were deplorable, the Employment Exchange refusing him benefit for six weeks in consequence.

He estimates that 200 men left the job in three weeks for the same reasons.

Thousands of decent workers gazed with horror on a few men who were frankly verminous.

★ ★ ★

Sanitary arrangements were appalling, the huts in which men were housed were filthy, and feeding arrangements—although 1s. 6d. was charged for meals that would have been dear at a much smaller price—primitive.

The men who couldn't deposit 6s. 6d. for plates and cutlery had to eat out of their hands.

There is another aspect to this type of scandal.

Large numbers of Bath householders have been asked to house labourers who, for the most part, have been as cleanly in their instincts as any city worker.

Among them have been Irish labourers just as anxious to get rid of the mud of the day and suit themselves to normal domestic surroundings.

But among the Irish have been a few whom Eire must have been glad to see the back of.

They were verminous when they arrived. And, during a discussion at Bath City Council, Dr. Barnes Burt, who knows what a danger to the health of the city was entailed, said that a householder who refused to put them up was liable to prosecution.

Why can't these men be medically examined when they come here?

Then we hear from two men who went to a big industrial town to work in a munition factory.

Apparently it was a very enlightened firm, for a representative was deputed to go round with the men and—following the principle that a man who was happy at home made the best workman—see that they got good billets.

★ ★ ★

First they were asked to share an attic from walls of which the paper was peeling in strips—an ancient room such as no human being should be required to live in.

They were asked to pay 30s. a week each, and the landlady was still busily outlining all the extras when they left.

They had many similar experiences.

Then the Billeting Officer was asked whether premises to which workers were sent were not officially inspected first.

"Oh, no," he admitted. "We leave all that to the landladies!"

Our war workers don't expect to live in palaces—but they do expect a tolerable home life, and at a price they can afford.

And we intend to see they get it.

OPEN LETTERS

General CHIANG KAI-SHEK, Commander of Allied Forces in China

DEAR GENERALISSIMO,—All in Britain share the hope that our Ambassador will prove to be right. He predicts ultimate victory for China in "the not so distant future."

I confess I am not so sanguine.

That you will win I am certain. That you will have to fight long and fiercely, that you will have fresh disasters to surmount, seem almost as certain.

In fighting on against great difficulty you will be fighting for us as well as your own people.

We have not given you sufficient help in the past.

We have had to disown your magnificent cause at times in order to appease the common enemy until we should be more ready to face her.

We have been slow to realise your genius, not merely as a general, but as a towering political leader.

You have understood, for even in your own country Time is not always recognised as an all-important factor.

Now, at last, you are taking your rightful place in the thoughts and hopes of all the peoples who prize liberty.

I wish you could have stayed longer in India to confer with Nehru, Azad and other Congress leaders.

It is said that from your visit arose the British Government's offer of a seat to India in the War Cabinet.

But at least you were there long enough to grasp the military situation. "To have one look at things is a hundred times better than hearsay," as one of your proverbs puts it.

With Burma in grave jeopardy, it must have been an unpleasant vista.

Yet you have seen worse. You have won incredible victories since, at the age of twenty-three, you first became a general; your people have made unparalleled exertions.

I remember how some of your men walked twenty-four miles a day for 235 days, fighting fifteen battles on the way.

So much for the past. For the present, we must pour into your hands all the supplies we can send.

Not merely as an act of belated justice to a magnificent ally, but in order to strengthen the hammer-blows of the greatest general in all the Far East.—JOHN BULL.

The GENERAL MANAGER, London and North-Eastern Railway

DEAR SIR,—It is very considerate of your company to stop express trains at an unimportant station for the convenience of Lincoln Golf Club members.

But is it necessary in war time? And would you make the same concession to munition workers?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. J. LLEWELLIN, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—So airmen will not be able to buy pyjamas in future. Their clothing coupons have been reduced to three a year—enough for six handkerchiefs.

I'm surprised you allow them even those small civilian luxuries. After all, they were in uniform when they saved Britain from invasion!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. EDWARDS, M.P., Hater of Extravagance

DEAR SIR,—There is only one possible objection to your proposal to scrap unnecessary forms and reduce the number of officials by half: I should have so much less to criticise.

Let me add just two recent additions to my case-book:

One farmer has had to fill up more than eighty forms to obtain a machinery licence.

A firm promised by 'phone to obtain four ounces of steel for an official factory. Next day it received confirmation of this threepenny order—on two large sheets of paper in an enormous envelope.

No wonder more officials are needed every week!—JOHN BULL.

Councillor Sir DENIS DALEY, Lord Mayor of Portsmouth

MY LORD MAYOR,—I'm sorry the Corporation has thought it necessary to provide you with a 25 h.p. car. Not merely because it is costing £725 second-hand. Not only because the Corporation already owns twenty private cars.

But because so big a car consumes an awful lot of petrol—petrol for which our brave seamen have to risk their lives.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General

DEAR GENERAL,—Evidently there is no longer a shortage of trained radio operators. I judge so because skilled operators are losing their knowledge by wasting all their time on cockhouse fatigues, digging and "guards."

Yes, I know that such jobs are part of soldiering. But I can't understand why expert "tradesmen" are employed on them.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Was the disastrous Manchester hotel fire another evil scandal of your new N.F.S.? Sir William Kay, an ex-Lord Mayor, evidently thinks so.

He asserts that the alarm was received by the fire brigade next door, but the engines could not turn out before receiving directions from headquarters—so seventeen vital minutes were lost.

Manchester is not the only city to complain of the new officialdom. Are you so deaf that you cannot hear the growing volume of protests?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Look to your own interests first.

You are no doubt justified in pleading for a Second Front in order to relieve the pressure on our Russian allies. But Britain is no less justified in expecting you to open a Second Front in your Ministry—a Second Front that would relieve the pressure of poverty and injustice on those ex-Servicemen to whom you have denied adequate pension.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, East Riding Police Court

GENTLEMEN,—I dare say you were right to fine a Home Guard officer for the technical offence of possessing a revolver without a police licence, even though he had the authority of his commander.

But why order the police to retain the weapon until a permit could be sought from the Chief Constable?

You might as well expect the enemy to delay invasion until the police gave permission for the military to carry arms.—JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES McLAREN, Director-Gen., Ordnance Factories

DEAR SIR,—Some clerks have no more than an hour's work a day in your factories—work that a girl of fourteen could do—yet who find themselves mysteriously kept back from military service.

Don't forget that men are wanted to bear the arms you make.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAY OFFICER, R.A.F.

SIR,—Enough to make an angel mad is the hardship imposed on an old couple whose son is in Air Force blue.

The mother is crippled with rheumatism, the seventy-two-year-old father is blind. Recently, the man was given an extra 2s. 6d. a week by the local council to meet the higher cost of living.

Because this fact was reported in all honesty by the woman, your mean-minded officials have reduced her dependent's allowance by 5s. a week.

Do you really think her airman son will be proud of the Bumbledom for which he is fighting?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—As Spring is approaching, maybe you'll carry out that plan of giving the *Ark Royal* survivors a dose of "Christmas" leave.

Some had it. Some didn't—and are growing tired of idleness in overseas ports.

Even allowing for the exigencies of the Service, it should be possible to bring them home for a much-deserved spell.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Fire Guard Chief

DEAR MADAM,—Allow me to refresh your memory.

The Government decided to adopt compulsory fire-watching in December, 1940. Cardiff was heavily raided in January, 1941. But Cardiff is still short of fire guards.

Was the compulsory registration a failure?—JOHN BULL.

Tales of Two Women

ARGUE IT OUT By Pallas

"THERE'S nowt so queer as folk"—blind folk, stupid folk, ignorant folk, selfish folk, narrow-minded folk: all those incredible people in this country who have yet to grasp the fact that the whole of the Democratic world is fighting for its existence.

Many stories of the mentality of such people are told me. Two—both true—I select for retelling in the hope that those who read will realise that Britain has still in her midst those who regard the war as a side-issue, something specially created for the misery and the sacrifice of the common folk.

The first story is about a woman—this description would infuriate her because she describes herself as a "lady"—who rang up a hotel in Surrey, near my home, and asked for a table to be reserved for luncheon.

"Tell me," she demanded pompously, "Is the food up to pre-war standard?"

The manager of the hotel, who rarely suffers fools gladly, said curtly, "You'd better come along and decide for yourself." He rang off.

★ ★ ★

The second story is also about a woman who, no doubt, also calls herself a "lady." She lives in well-to-do circumstances in the Reading district.

The wife of a colleague of mine was making house-to-house calls in connection with a local "Aid to Russia" effort.

The "lady" opened the door herself when the flag-seller called.

The interview was brief. My friend's wife had spoken one sentence, mentioning aid to our Russian Allies, when the "lady" snapped: "I NEVER give to the Bolsheviks," and slammed the door rudely in the face of her caller.

These two incidents happened a short time ago, when reverses in the Far East were casting ominous shadows over the whole of the Pacific and when the Soviet armies, with incomparable heroism and fortitude, were steadily rolling back the Nazi forces.

★ ★ ★

That same "lady" who was concerned about her stupid little luncheon *must* have read time and again about the appalling price our merchant seamen pay to ensure that the people at home shall not go hungry.

That same "lady" who never gives to Bolsheviks *must* know that to Russia she and every soul in this country owes a debt that can never be repaid.

Both women should pray to God every night—one to thank Him for the greatness of the men who bring us food; the other to thank Him for the greatness of the Russian fighting man.

Both, in their blindness, are beyond redemption.

There are not many of their kind left in Britain. Which, perhaps, is just as well, because it simplifies the post-war task of ensuring that reactionary stupidities shall no longer act as bars to social progress.

A typical street of modern flats for workers in Moscow

The Smith Family of Moscow

★ Everyone now knows what magnificent fighters the Russians are, but few people have any clear idea of the day-to-day life of the 200,000,000 nation that is hurling itself relentlessly upon Hitler's hordes. Here is the first of close-up pictures

By JOHN CASHEL

SWEAT and toil begrimed after his eleven-hour "All for the Front!" working day, Warrior of the Factory Ivan Grigorovich Petrov steps into the brief home life of his two-room flat in Apartment House, Smolensky Boulevard, Moscow.

Beside him walk his wife, Manya Ivanovna Petrova, and seventeen-year-old son Mikhail.

All have returned from a munitions works on the city's outskirts.

They are greeted by "Little Mother" Anna, daughter of fifteen, home from her secondary school and grenade-throwing practice.

On the way she queued up for an hour to buy a scarce supper; collected baby Nina from the crèche, brought her home, fed, tended and put her to bed.

This Petrov family of five are our Russian Ally's city equivalent of Britain's urban Smith family of three.

It's a Tight Fit

Their dining-sitting-room is sparsely furnished.

The modern 3 ft. 6 in. divan, cosily cushioned by day, is a bed for two at night. Tight fit!

On a polished table of oak like the chairs, Anna has laid supper.

Smoked fish, which she has prepared on an electric cooker in the kitchenette. Continental sausage. Wholesome rye ("black") bread. Butter. Tea—sale of vodka, light beers, wines, having been banned since the war.

A frugal spread, in a self-supporting country of plenty, because transport is more precious than Lena gold.

Every available vehicle is used to feed and equip the nine million Red Army men at the Front and in the rear, to serve the munitions machine, succour the hosts of evacuees who escaped the fate of hunger, torture and pestilence behind the Nazi lines.

No delivery vans go out from the shops. Queues everywhere stand between the eleven-hour-working-day Petrovs and their home bite.

But the factory is also The Front, and they get good square meals there at the canteen, as does Anna at school, and baby feeding at the crèche.

In the country the average peasant family of seven live nearer the food and possess abundant home-made furniture, but they lead a harder and more primitively housed life than do Petrov Family, Apartment House, Smolensky Boulevard, Moscow.

Streamlined Flats

Apartment House is the height of what Soviet city housing had come to before Hitler put his spoke in.

From outside it might be an imposing, stream-lined, ultra-modern block of flats in London's Park Lane.

Inside, it is different.

The five-in-two-rooms Petrovs apologise for the overcrowding.

Stalin, they tell you, has within twenty years built in the cities and towns four new houses for every six left from the long reign of Tsardom.

But he considers it a backward part of his planning. Defence, industrialisation, farm collectivising and mechanising had to come first to provide the protection and wherewithal for better living.

His big-family policy made the Petrovs multiply exceedingly. Where to put them?

In thirteen years (1926-1939) Moscow's population leaped from 2,029,425 to 4,137,018. Leningrad's from 1,600,065 to 3,191,304. Several towns grew tenfold.

Four entirely new ones, which did not exist in 1926, include Karaganda in central Siberia with 169,900 in 1939, and Magnitogorsk in the Urals with 145,900.

Average increase of inhabitants of all towns was more than double.

All to be housed—and furnished!

Mr. and Mrs. Petrov of Apartment House confess that their few "sticks" were as expensive as they were scarce. It was not till the poverty years, when vital heavy industry was being established, ended in 1935 that light industries like furnishing could be developed.

Overcrowding? Well, doesn't Comrade Stalin himself live in a three-roomed house in the Kremlin?

Besides, the Petrovs pay only 4.3 per cent. of their family budget in rent. Even their highest-paid neighbours must by law pay no more than 10 per cent.

Wages? Petrov, unskilled, makes for his long wartime day 400 roubles a month. His wife, unskilled, the same. His son, unskilled and spending half his time in the factory's technical training school, 200.

Outside Russia 400 roubles are nominally worth about £16. Inside, their worth depends on cost of living and taxation. Living, as in every country, is dear, though they have no black-marketeers.

Taxes? They are deducted at source, so Petrov's pay is nett.

Stalin gets more than half his revenue from Turnover Tax, which State and other undertakings pay. Income tax on higher salaries, and a profits tax, bring in much less.

More comes from State loans and lotteries, in which the Petrovs invest. They pay 1 per cent. of their wages monthly in trade union "subs," which provides them with nearly all social services.

They are so well-shod and serviceably clad that many of their comrades in occupied areas have been robbed by the Germans of boots and clothes.

Designed by Schiaparelli

Mrs. Petrov has two standard dresses—a much-used working one and a smart all-purpose one—and variations thereof. Stalin had Schiaparelli over to design them for her and the millions of working women like her.

Now she "makes do," as the Red Army wants nearly all the cloth.

She has become face, hair and nail conscious . . . when she's time. Then she queues up at a beauty parlour—there's one in even small towns—based on the latest American model. An all-in affair for face-treatment, hair-dressing and manicure.

She's just like women the world over. But here's something different!

The Petrovs, with an hour to spare before turning in, are stepping along the corridor of Apartment House into the communal club room.

What's on? The Social Circle is talking it over!

Films at Home

At another hour, or on another evening, it might have been the sound cinema apparatus showing the tenants the latest films in their own home; or a special film for the kiddies.

Or a meeting of house members of a defence body like A.R.P.; or of the sewing, embroidering, dramatic, music, photography or art circles.

The House has a Cultural Commission, elected by the tenants. It gets its funds partly from rent and partly by leasing the rooms as offices when unused during the day.

The Petrovs join a table of fellow-tenant social circlers.

One is a Red Army commander, home on twelve hours' leave. Others a doctor, teacher, typist, actress, shop assistant, and the house manager's wife.

They're laughing over an amusing case settled that day by the Comradely Court of the House.

This Court, tenant-elected, tries cases concerning minor breaches of the House rules and amenities. It can fine offenders up to ten roubles. Serious offences are referred to the local People's Court.

The Comradely Court had before them two habitually noisy women neighbours, who finished up with fisticuffs.

The verdict was simple—and effective. One was moved to one end of the House; the other to the opposite end.

No application to a High Court for an injunction to stop a noise nuisance was needed!

The House has a manager, appointed by the district Soviet, who collects rents, supervises the service staff, looks after maintenance and repairs.

Children's Garden

For its 300 children it has a spacious garden for cultivation and play, laid out by the local Society of Friends of Greenery.

The children themselves plant and tend it. That teaches them to protect it against all careless comers and players and makes them respect other people's gardens.

The same self-cure principle is applied when the children play chess, checkers and other games in their large hall indoors. A mischievous child is given the responsible job of keeping order!

Before the Social Circle breaks up in the club room, the Petrovs listen to the latest Red Army communiqué, and so to bed.

Father, mother, son must be at their lathes at eight o'clock in the morning. For weeks past it has been a point of honour for them to be at the factory half an hour before that time.

Here they give "All for the Front!" under conditions and by methods of production that exist in no other country in the world.

These—to help you to know Russia as the Soviet Union is helping the Petrovs to know you—I will describe in my

Next Article:

"Their Working Day."

YOUR NEST EGG IN THE POST OFFICE

EVERY income-tax payer is now a saver.

He—or she—has a direct stake in the value of money, now and after the war. Part—in some cases all—of what he pays to the income-tax collector goes to a special Post Office Savings account for his use after the war.

What can be bought will depend on what each pound is worth after the war.

★ ★ ★

Somerset House—Income Tax G.H.Q.—hit on the good idea of publishing a twopenny guide to workers' income tax. It is called "Income Tax Quiz for Wage Earners," and it would be excellent value for twopence if it threw light on the two main things now worrying workers.

It does not tell them how they are to pay heavy tax deductions out of small wage packets. And it fails to emphasise the value of the savings side of income tax.

It shows a few cases of yearly savings, but no examples of what goes each week in actual tax and what to the special savings account.

A double job of making the tax burden easier to carry and driving home to people the stake they have in the financial well-being of the nation could have been done. But it hasn't.

Why not examples like these:

Unmarried workers with £4 a week have 14s. 6d. a week tax taken off for forty-eight weeks. But as 4s. 7d. of this is saved for them their actual tax is only 9s. 11d., or 2s. 3d. in the £ on their wages for a year.

Similarly, a married man with no children and £5 a week has 12s 9d taken off for forty-eight weeks. But as 6s. 5d. is saved, the balance of 6s. 4d. is only 1s. 2d. in the £ of wages. If the same man's wife takes a job at 50s. a week, the combined tax bill goes up to 22s. 7d. a week, with 7s. 8d. saved, leaving a balance equal to only 1s. 10d. in the £ on wages of £7 10s. a week.

★ ★ ★

But to come back to the vital, urgent need for saving more than what the tax collector puts by for you JOHN BULL says: Cut out all unnecessary spending.

Think twice, ten times if necessary, before buying anything not vitally essential to keep you fighting and working fit.

Save. Save. And save

These are the only ways of making sure of shortening the war on the Home Front. And they are good ways of making sure of a dole-free country after the war.

THREE DANGER PO

By A. G. GARDINER

THIS is a dark hour. The aspect of the war has changed grievously for the worse. The fact must be faced in all its naked meanings.

But it should be faced without fear, and above all without hysteria and intrigues that threaten the national unity.

Nothing could serve Hitler's game so well as the impression that this country was at sixes and sevens.

It would be a tonic to Germany (where no word of criticism of his Russian blunder is permitted), and it would enable Goebbels to spread throughout the neutral world the belief that we were cracking and his was the side to back.

We are not cracking, and the great undercurrents of the war are with us. But we have had heavy blows, and we must learn the lessons and apply them ruthlessly and instantly.

I will not enter here into the controversy between Mr. Churchill and his critics on the question of the machinery for the conduct of the war.

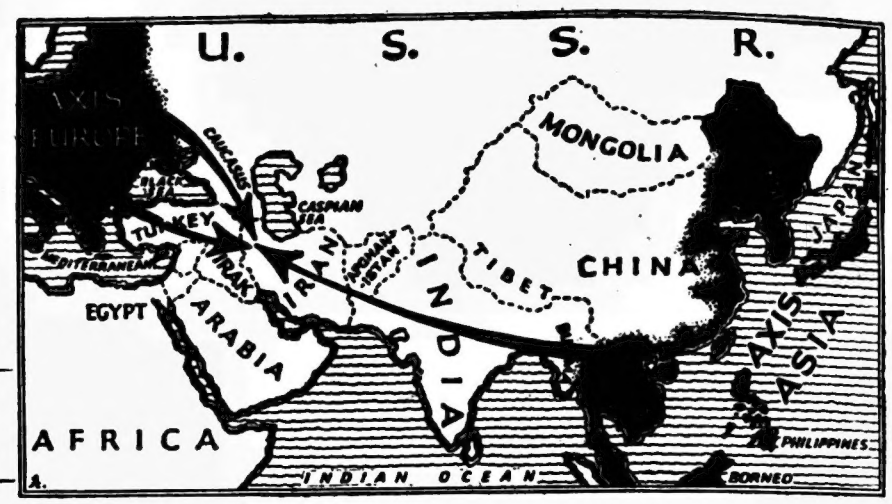
In this great matter Mr. Churchill has acted with speed and wisdom. The inclusion of Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Lyttelton in the War Cabinet is especially welcome.

Let the critics respond. Let them beware of converting the magnificent solidarity of the country into a faction fight.

★ ★ ★

I will confine myself to three danger points which demand swift action, no matter what changes are made in war control.

THE OUTSTANDING FACT OF THE WAR IS THE DOMINATING IMPORTANCE OF AIR POWER. IT WAS AIR POWER UPON WHICH HITLER'S GAMBLE WAS CHIEFLY BASED. IT IS



This is the kind of link-up Hitler and the Huns of the East visualise in their ambitions of world conquest

AIR POWER WHICH HAS GIVEN HIM HIS SUCCESSES.

His superiority in this respect has enabled him to exploit to the full his other main source of strength, the mechanised divisions. Under the protection of his aerial umbrella his tanks surged through France and obliterated the Low Countries.

The same supremacy established his conquest of Norway and gave him victory in Greece and Crete.

And following his lead, his ally Japan has been able to drive home his lightning blow in the Pacific mainly through an overwhelming superiority in the air.

The lesson is enforced negatively by Hitler's failures. His invasion of this country was thwarted in the Battle of Britain, because we were able mercifully to concentrate our limited resources on the critical stage.

Malta has defied a daily, almost hourly attack for the same reasons. If we have held the enemy at bay in North Africa it is because we have been able to hold our own, and more than our own, in the air.

And the chief reason that Hitler's campaign in Russia has so far failed is that Stalin long ago realised that the air arm would be the decisive factor in the war that was coming.

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The moral is that this war will only be won when we have established such an overwhelming supremacy in the air that we cannot fail to win.

We are told that our production has reached equality with that of the enemy. I hope it is true.

But equality is not enough. Equality means defeat. For the enemy fights from interior lines and our machines have to fight at the ends of the earth—in Africa, in Asia, in China, in the Atlantic, in the Pacific.

Moreover, the enemy has the airfields and we have lost them everywhere—witness the tragedy of Malaya and Singapore.

IT IS NOT EQUALITY OR A MARGINAL SUPERIORITY THAT WILL GIVE US VICTORY IN THE AIR. IT IS A SUPERIORITY THAT MUST BE RECKONED IN THOUSANDS AND TENS OF THOUSANDS.

It is a superiority that the industrial power of Britain, America and Russia can and must achieve. And the day we achieve it the end of the war will be in sight.

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And the second danger point is oil. I said recently that Hitler's next great adventure must be in the direction of the Caucasus and the Persian Gulf.

He must have the oil of the Caucasus and Persia, and he must strain every nerve to effect contact with Japan either by the Gulf or by Suez.

That motive is now doubly inspired. Japan is in possession of the oilfields of the East Indies. She has broken loose into the Indian Ocean.

If Germany could burst through Asia Minor, seizing the Caucasian and Persian oilfields on the way, the issue of the war would indeed be in doubt.

This peril must be averted at all costs. The defence of the Black Sea and Caucasus front is as imperative for us as for Russia.

Raeder's Dreams of Revenge

STANDING on a mantelpiece in Erich Raeder's Berlin home is a big autographed photo of Jellicoe.

But Raeder, Hitler's "General-Admiral," Commander of the German fleet, really hates Jellicoe.

His friends insist that he keeps the photograph only to remind him of the Battle of Jutland, in which his flagship, the *Luetzow*, was battered to pieces by Jellicoe's Fleet.

A Bitter Memory

Raeder can never—and does not want to—forget the humiliation of that day when he and his chief, Admiral Hipper, were forced to transfer to another ship and run for their lives.

It gave Raeder and the whole German fleet a different outlook, an inferiority complex from which they have been trying to recover ever since.

That is why Nazi propaganda is using the escape of the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau* and the *Prinz Eugen* to kill that feeling of hopeless inferiority which still prevails among German naval officers and ratings

Raeder himself is a little man, and he suffered from his physical inferiority, which caused him to be overlooked whenever new big appointments were made in the German navy.

His inferiority complex made him envious of the German army and the German *Luftwaffe*, to which Hitler paid so much attention.

To remedy the position he threw himself on Hitler's mercy.

As one of the first German officers he became a full-fledged Nazi, begging Hitler and Goering for steel for ships, for men as crews:

"But the German navy is unreliable!" said even Hitler himself, who had not forgotten that the German marines of Kiel and the sailors of Hamburg started the revolution in 1918 which made Germany's defeat complete.

Raeder promised to raise the spirit of German sailors, and he proceeded to rule the navy with iron discipline.

But all Raeder's endeavours did not succeed in creating a real German navy.

Shortage of Crews

To-day the German papers are full of appeals for volunteers for U-boat crews, of which there is a desperate shortage, and officers are turned out in rush courses because Raeder believes that he needs only one perfect U-boat commander to lead a whole U-boat pack.

And even in this war, in which the resources of the British Navy are strained as never before, Raeder has had his disappointments.

There was his failure to starve Britain into surrender "within a couple of years," as he promised Hitler.

There was the defeat of his much-vaunted pocket-battleship *Graf Spee*, which he had declared to be invincible.

There was the disaster of the *Bismarck*, which he had solemnly pronounced unsinkable.

"Naval Stuntman"

These failures have turned Raeder into a "naval stuntman."

He orders U-boat commanders "to penetrate New York naval harbour," and, even if they do not succeed, orders the naval propagandists to announce that "they have seen New York."

Anything to dispel the contempt in which the world held the German fleet.

This is the man who took the greatest risk against heavy odds and ordered Germany's most valuable ships to dash through the Straits of Dover

What a chance to publicise the German navy!

But from what I know about General-Admiral Raeder, I am convinced that he is not as happy about his success as Nazi propaganda suggests.

His healthy respect for Britain's naval power must tell him that he will not be allowed to get away with it.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

NTS

The A.B.C.D. front will ultimately crush the Japanese rat plague if we can keep it isolated.

But if Japan were linked up with Germany across Asia Minor our number might well be up.

Think of the consequences in relation to sea power, to Africa, to the Atlantic, to the Mediterranean, to Russia.

WE DARE NOT RISK SO VAST A CATASTROPHE. WHATEVER THE SACRIFICE ELSEWHERE, THE BLACK SEA FRONT MUST BE MADE IMPREGNABLE.

And in this connection Turkey may well reflect and look ahead. Hitler is out for the conquest of the world. So is Japan.

A joint victory for them would not end the war. It would be the prelude to the final clash for universal empire. In that clash Turkey and the Middle East would be the battleground. Her fate is in the balance with the rest of us.

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The third danger point affects us at home. Events in the Pacific and the escape of the German cruisers have gravely worsened our island position. The security of our Atlantic life-line is once more threatened.

It is threatened at a moment when our control of the sea routes generally is more challenged than it has ever been.

The Mediterranean is closed. The Cape route to India and Australia will soon be infested with enemy craft.

The strain on our transport system will be seriously intensified. Almost everything we live by and fight with has to come to us in ships.

Everything that Hitler lives by and fights with is within his grasp. That is his weakness in one sense; his strength in another.

Our dependence on the sea is so absolute that any further large-scale interference might have fatal consequences. The closest students of this matter have long been concerned about our present food policy.

We are the best fed people in Europe—the only abundantly fed and sufficiently clothed people.

That is good up to a point. But there is danger in it. If the question is whether we should tighten our belts more or risk losing the war none of us would be in doubt as to the answer.

The supreme business of our ships is to bring the munitions that will carry us to victory. The secondary business is to supply us with the bare means of healthy life.

BUT THOUSANDS OF TONS OF SHIPPING ARE BEING EMPLOYED (AND RISKED) IN BRINGING US THINGS THAT WE COULD DO WITHOUT, OR DO WITH LESS OF.

I suggest that the business of Lord Woolton is not to play the rôle of Father Christmas. He does it well, but he should not do it at all.

His business is to keep us healthily alive and to cut down with a ruthless hand every form of consumption that is wasteful, luxurious, or unnecessary to the purposes of the war.

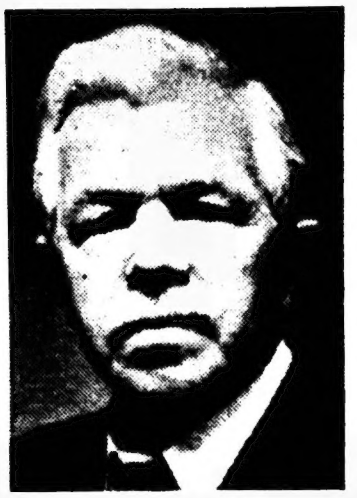
That is his duty in any circumstances. It is imperative in the gathering dangers that beset our path.

MORE ABOUT THE DISGRACEFUL BLACK MARKET RACKETS

"I am Ashamed!"

says J. R. CLYNES

who controlled food in the last war



Mr. Clynes asks why it is so much worse than last time

AT a time when British citizens may not open a new shop without the greatest difficulties with Government Departments, new Black Markets are springing up each week, almost unchecked.

Food thefts on a nation-wide scale will head the list of prevalent crimes when official police reports are published for 1941. This class of crime, statistics show, steadily increased each month during last year, till it reached the gravest proportions, beyond the ability of the police to prevent it.

Traitors Grow Fat

Russia has burned tens of thousands of square miles of her country, levelled her cities, smashed her great dams, blown up and destroyed vast industrial plants in the struggle against Germany; but we allow Black Markets in every large town, and traitors operate them and grow fat.

Here are a few of the rationing evasions and scandals that have come to my notice in the past two or three months.

Inspector Culshaw, of the Liverpool police, states that, from five ships in that port, 2,153 carcases or packages of meat, wholesale value over £5,000, were stolen in two months.

In the same period, and from the same docks, canned goods, tobacco, whisky and other goods disappeared at a rate that amounted to hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth a year.

Mr. John Harris, the Thames magistrate, imposed fines recently on a firm that had sold 50,000 chickens at 1s. each above maximum price.

A Durham police officer stated last week that hundreds of sheep are being slaughtered and stolen from the northern moors.

Vans run out on to the moors at night, animals are killed and flung in, and the vans drive south to Black Markets there.

Plenty of Petrol

It is notable that these vans, like the thousands of lorries engaged on Black Market work all over the country to-day, never have any shortage of petrol, though working citizens have the greatest difficulty in obtaining enough to carry them to vital production jobs.

Nor is this surprising!

Ten thousand petrol coupons "vanished" recently while being taken by road from Manchester to Oldham.

A Manchester food officer stated this month that 20,000 food points coupons had "vanished" in the post there, and that they could undoubtedly be used to place goods in Black Markets.

Mr. Bernard Campion, Tower Bridge magistrate, has just inflicted the maximum possible fines and prison sentences on two food manipulators who had, it is alleged, attempted to make illegal profits on the sale of eggs.

Mr. Walter Hedley, K.C., at Marlborough Street Police Court, sentenced to hard labour men who, he said, were connected with "a huge Black Market."

Among other contemptible crimes, some of these men had stolen goods from the Canadian Red Cross, who had missed hundreds of pounds' worth of property.

A detective stated in this case: "This Black Market was going on openly. You simply order whatever you want, and it is produced by the week-end."

Scotland Yard officials recently stated that they had discovered receivers, working from luxurious offices in Central London, who had perfected an Intelligence Department for learning in advance which goods would be in short supply, and in what areas.

Lists of such goods were telephoned, and vast wholesale robberies were planned accordingly. Assistants were always able to be "planted" at short notice with railways and food transport companies.

In fact, war workers may have had to go short of meat, or children of oranges, but the rich patrons of this Black Market could have whatever they chose.

Chicago became notorious for somewhat similar activities in peace time, not—like Britain—in the darkest hour of a total war.

Fantastic Prices

Mr. B. M. Stephenson, a Food Ministry inspector, giving evidence in a recent case, showed that two men had made in five weeks an illegal profit of £1,100 by selling stolen molasses in Black Markets at fantastic prices.

They were fined nearly £4,000.

But one wonders how many times that sum they had made in profits before being discovered?

Other molasses thieves drove a tank waggon 29 times on to a wharf and took 240 tons of molasses away under the very eyes of the wharf authorities. They were given short terms of imprisonment.

Now that clothing is rationed, the Black market operators have turned their attention that way

At Doncaster last month, a case was heard in which it was stated that 158,500 clothing coupons were obtained by fraud from post offices in six towns, apparently with the very greatest ease, by means of a trick that could be worked anywhere and by almost anyone.

I could suggest a number of ways whereby the existing system of food distribution particularly could be tightened up.

A Glaring Fault

There is, for instance, an obvious and glaring fault in the fact that, at present lorry drivers enter docks with a collecting order, and when their vans are loaded they are given a chit passing them out.

No check is made as to whether the contents of the vans leaving the docks are those on the collecting order

What happens in thousands of cases is that far more is packed aboard the lorry than should legitimately be there.

The surplus is sold by arrangement on the road.

It would be perfectly easy to seal those lorries when they leave, and to see that the seals were unbroken when the van arrived at the depot with its load.

That simple measure alone would stop the loss of thousands of tons of food.

There are innumerable other ways in which the Black Market manipulators could have the ground cut from under their feet.

Give Life Sentences

Not the least would be the increasing of sentences to life periods of hard labour in such prisons as Dartmoor for all those traitors caught trying to make a profit out of this nation's hunger.

They have been sheltered too long!

Why is it that they can stay at home and operate their filthy rade in the positive knowledge that their dirty profits will exceed any fines put upon them?

Why should they get away with a few weeks or months in prison, knowing well that their illicit fortunes await their spending as soon as they are released; that big limousines burning the nation's petrol will drive up (as has happened) to the prison gates to meet them when their sentence is over, and that they will be able to go back into the Black Market trade immediately?

I am ashamed at the number of refugees from enemy countries who are convicted of swindling the British public.

And I am even more ashamed that there should be found British men and women to help them.

Black Markets did not grow to this pitch during the last war.

Why are things so infinitely worse now?

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

BOYS and GIRLS EXPLOITED

THE protection and health of young people to-day call for greater care and study than ever before.

They are the country's post-war capital, and, with their minds and bodies undeveloped, need every ounce of fresh air, exercise, and reasonable recreation.

But in certain industries, where the call for labour is ever growing owing to the national demand for men and women to go to more vital work or into the Forces, youngsters are working under conditions which are unjustifiable even in times of great emergency.

It is not an uncommon sight nowadays, particularly in large manufacturing areas, to see young persons of about fourteen and sixteen trudging their homeward roads looking very tired.

Asleep in Buses

Others fall asleep in trams and buses in the early evening hours. Quite clearly it is not normal, healthy exhaustion.

Though there is legislation that was set up to govern the employment of young people, investigations show that appropriate action is not taken as freely as it should be, and that the regulations themselves are so diversified that they need immediate revision.

Much greater co-ordination is necessary.

The Home Office is primarily responsible for ensuring that young workers are not exploited. But there are so many different Acts, regulations, rules, orders and by-laws in which different Government Departments and local authorities can have a hand that chaos and confusion are unavoidable.

I will deal with the legal side of the problem a little later; meanwhile, let me say that while the majority of manufacturers and employers are patriotic men, anxious to give their employees a decent deal in difficult circumstances, others do not care what advantages they take to secure their pound of flesh.

One in the latter class is the proprietor of a small factory partly engaged in war work. He has been compelling lads of between fifteen and sixteen to work sixty hours a week

Another, also officially reported, has kept boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen doing as many as seventy-seven hours a week.

Cumbersome Regulations

Investigations are now being made into similar irregularities, but prosecutions are slow because of the cumbersome nature of the regulations concerned. Like hours, their provisions differ in separate trades.

One firm has even been reported for working youngsters an average of ten to fourteen hours a day.

"Straight from school to the mill" is a sarcastic slogan in some North Country districts where kiddies leave their school desks one day and are sitting at factory benches the next.

A large number of girls, for example, went straight from school to a West Country factory recently in order that women could go to munition work or into the Forces.

The work they are now doing is not heavy, true. It consists mostly of

Mr. G. Tomlinson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, agrees that the real evil of this problem is "excessive hours and the physical effect upon growing youth"

stamping out paper and cloth discs, and making bags in which exploder charges for bombs and shells can be carried.

But it is dreadfully monotonous, and entails, with travelling, nearly seventy hours a week. Some have to get up at five in the morning—for they start work at 7.30 a.m.—and, even by taking the quickest routes, cannot get home again before 6.30 or thereabouts at night.

Supper, then bed, are their new recreations.

Fivepence an Hour

In some sections of the hosiery, boot and shoe, pottery, and agricultural trades the conditions need urgent probing.

Only recently the National Council of Labour (governing body representing trade unions and labour) itself complained that youngsters in the agricultural industry were being compelled to work eight hours a day "on a man's job" for 4d. and 5d. an hour.

And look at the plight of some of the 3,000 workers—boys and girls mostly between the ages of fourteen and sixteen—now in the pottery trade.

When war broke out welfare organisations were trying hard to secure a maximum week of thirty-four hours, then deemed quite sufficient owing to the dangers and environments youngsters in the Potteries have to face.

Later a maximum of forty-four hours was introduced, which rose to forty-seven, and now (despite the furore when the matter was discussed in the House of Lords only a few days ago) stands at fifty-three.

Mr. Bevin has, however, promised to reconsider the position in three months.

Meanwhile, in ill-lit workshops, many of them badly ventilated, where lead poisoning and silica bacilli abound, these wretched youngsters have to endure nightmare conditions for about 6d. an hour.

Their work is most exacting. They act as "runners" or "devils" for potters who are paid on "piece" terms. The bigger their output, the bigger their pay envelope, so the young assistants are kept running to and fro between ovens and benches all day long.

Most of the victims of this industry are in blind-alley jobs, with little chance of being able to attend a training centre or industrial class so that they might fit themselves for a better life later on.

JOHN BULL, *for these and other reasons, urges the Government to hold a full inquiry into the conditions pertaining generally to the employment of children since the war.*

Needs Simplifying

Though the Young Persons Act (1938) restricts the hours of employment for persons under sixteen to forty-four hours a week, and those between sixteen and eighteen to forty-eight hours a week, its provisions do not apply to factories, mines, shops or agriculture, or to certain other types of juvenile labour.

These are controlled by other Acts of Parliament and official regulations which, in the opinion of many welfare experts, should be consolidated under one general head to simplify the whole situation.

Much dissatisfaction has been aroused lately over what is known as the "Modification System." This relates to certain methods by which extension of hours may be temporarily granted, or day and night shifts altered, to suit employers.

Chief cause of protest on the workers' side is that certain area factory inspectors, off their own bat, have sanctioned some of these "modifications" without reference to higher authorities.

At the present moment several influential bodies in different industries are trying to secure still longer hours for young workers. Some feel that in the present emergency their demands stand a chance of being rushed through without the minute consideration which was always insisted upon in peace time.

Home Office experts should be consulted in future in every serious phase of this great problem.

And, if an inquiry is held or not, the authorities should endeavour to introduce adequate medical and entertainment facilities as soon as possible for young people who are, despite their tender years, in a large number of cases doing the work of fully grown adults.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. C. N. Edwards, Firby Avenue, Pye Nest, Halifax, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for some most interesting details.

Letters are welcomed about any matter needing publicity or investigation, and envelopes should be marked "Public Benefactor."

He's Still at It!

SOME means must really be found to curb the postal operations of Leslie Spikesman, home-work specialist, now of Belleville Road, London, S.W., who has been gulling poor people for years.

He is at present offering part-time home work, and his advertisements suggest that £2 weekly can be made.

A soldier's wife, who finds it hard to make ends meet on her allowance, sent 5s. to Spikesman for what he calls his "Plan," and, like hundreds of others, found it piffle.

The present scheme, which has a war-work note, is really only a variation of others this rogue has conducted ever since the *last war ended.*

Huge amounts of paper must be used in his ramps and, with his persistent use of the mails for his impudent exploitation, I should have thought some official way of stopping him could have been found long ago.

Nazis Try the Latin Block Trick Again

IDEA of a "Latin Block" is in the air again. It is one of the most dangerous Nazi tricks because, under the pretence of being directed against German hegemony, it really serves Hitler's purposes.

The plan aims at close political and economic co-operation between the three Mediterranean countries: Italy, France and Spain, all three of which now have a Fascist régime, a Roman Catholic population, and a share in North Africa.

Its sponsors argue that a combination of these three Powers—plus Portugal, whose adhesion was apparently sought by General Franco when he recently met Premier Salazar at Seville—would be so strong that even a victorious Germany would be no longer predominant on the Continent, and her aims in Africa checked.

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Actually, the idea of a "Latin Block" was one of Hitler's cleverest trump-cards played by his French Fifth Columnists early in the war. It was used for undermining France's will to resist.

The argument was that such a link-up could play a decisive part in the future Europe.

Not surprising that the aged Pétain, when Ambassador in Madrid, fell for the trick.

General Franco had arranged secret talks between Pétain and the German Ambassador, Von Stohrer, who, of course, "confirmed" his master's intention to show leniency if France broke away from Britain and became a partner in a Fascist Mediterranean alliance.

When Pétain realised that he had been duped it was much too late: his country was disarmed and half-occupied.

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But the supporters of the idea are becoming active again.

"If France and Spain came to terms about Morocco," they say, "this would be the best, perhaps the only, way to curb Nazi infiltration in North Africa."

This new campaign is most probably as much Nazi inspired as the first one which played its part in France's surrender in June, 1940.

General Aranda, the defender of Oviedo during the Spanish civil war and one of the most determined supporters of the Axis in the Spanish army, recently let the cat out of the bag when he declared that the only way to prosperity for Morocco would be a merger of the French and the Spanish zones under Spanish control.

Hitler's idea is clear: once all Morocco were ruled from Madrid, it would be much easier to obtain all the strategic and economic advantages he needs there.

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A visit by Pétain to Franco in Madrid was announced by the German News Agency. But it did not come off. Instead the old Marshal sent his wife to Spain, accompanied by his chief counsellor, M. du Moulin de la Barthète.

Pétain has evidently been advised to play for time. He knows that French public opinion would never accept the idea of selling-out French Morocco to Spain as Indo-China was sold to Japan.

So it looks as if Hitler, for the present, will have to use other methods to get a foothold in French Africa for his attack on Gibraltar and North and South America.

But if they fail, he is sure to try out the old trick again.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Who Wants a Liver-Coloured Cat?

STRANGER THAN FICTION

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By WALDO KELLAR

THERE is a café near Cambridge Circus which is open all night, and into which strange men creep in the small hours of the morning. Let us call the café Rocco's Coffee Bar.

If you wait long enough in Rocco's you will see about 40 per cent. of all that is queerest in London.

There, between chocolate-coloured walls, under the flyblown alabaster lamps that hang from the smoky ceiling, mysterious men sit, making small cups of coffee last, sip by sip, for hours after midnight.

I used to frequent Rocco's. It was there that I met the man with the liver-coloured cat.

He was an exhausted-looking man, dark and pale, with a blue jaw. There was something wrong with one of his legs; he dragged it after him like a dead weight.

He had none of the air of the habitual night-bird. Yet he was always in Rocco's Coffee Bar, night after night, doing nothing, saying nothing; simply sitting, killing time . . . or, rather, staying still while time killed itself.

He spoke to me for the first time late one night in November, 1938.

He said: "Like cats?"

"I don't mind them," I replied.

"Ah," he muttered, sipping his coffee. "I do." Then he said something strange. "Ever seen a liver-coloured cat?"

"Liver-coloured?"

"Sort of liver-coloured. Dark gingerish colour, but with a kind of purplish look about it. Liver-coloured. A tom-cat, very well grown."

"I've never seen a cat like that," I said.

"I have," the strange man said, and he shivered. "I've got one. I don't like it."

"Can't you get rid of it?" I asked.

He laughed. You can tell just how tired a man really is when you hear him laugh. This man was weary to death, used up.

"You might think I'm crazy," he said. "Perhaps I am crazy, but I don't think so. Now, listen. What would you make of this? I swear to you—as God is my judge—this is just what happened.

"LAST month, I got home from work at about 6.30, and saw this cat sitting on the rug in front of the fire. There was a saucer of milk in front of it. It hadn't touched the milk. The poor beast looked wet and bedraggled.

"I said to my wife, 'Since when have we had a cat?' 'Since this afternoon,' she said. 'When I came back from shopping it was sitting on the rug. I don't know how on earth it got in, but I didn't have the heart to turn it out. Perhaps it's ill. It won't eat or drink.'

"I said: 'Oh, well, let it stay, anyway.' I had a meal and then drew my chair up to the fire. I couldn't get comfortable.

"It was that cat. It was a nasty colour . . . sort of liver-coloured . . . and there was something queer about it. It didn't wash itself, or close its eyes as other cats do in front of a fire. It kept staring.

"I went to bed early. Before I went to bed I opened the front door and bent down to pick the cat up. I was going to put it out. But I didn't touch it—it snarled at me like a leopard, and ran out of its own accord.

"I saw it on the stairs. Then I shut the door quickly and went to bed. My wife asked me: 'Did you put that cat out?' 'Yes,' I said; and she sighed with relief and said: 'Thank goodness.'

"Next morning I was up at seven. I went into the kitchen. I had to pass through the living-room. I nearly jumped out of my skin. There, sitting on the rug, was the cat.

"I swear I saw it run downstairs. Yet there it was. I had a very unpleasant feeling when I saw it there. But I was prepared to admit that it might—just possibly—have slipped back past me.

"I brought my wife a cup of tea. She said, 'What's the matter?'

"'Matter?' I said.

"'Yes. You look pale.'

"I said, 'Oh, nothing. Bit of a turn. I'd swear I put that cat out last night. But it's still here. But I'll tell you what. You don't like that cat. No more do I. I'll ring the cats' home and have it taken away.'

"'For heaven's sake, do that now,' she said.

"So I went out as soon as I was dressed and telephoned. Then I went to work.

"That evening my wife told me that the man had come and taken the cat away in a basket. We both felt better, because there was something about that cat that somehow scared us.

"We turned in early. In the middle of the night I woke up suddenly. I had a . . . not exactly a dream, but something like a *thought* . . an unpleasant *feeling*.

"I sat up, wide awake. I listened. Nothing. I got out of bed and went into the living-room. The doors were shut. The windows were shut.

"But down on the rug there were two green things. Eyes. It was the cat.

"Yes. The same cat; there aren't two cats of that colour. I'm no hero, but, I hope, not more of a coward than most men. But I was scared—and angry.

"YOU may know that I'm on the road for P—— and Co., and use a car. That same morning I borrowed a sack. I caught the cat and got it into the sack, and tied up the mouth of the sack with more string than was necessary, really. Then I dumped both cat and sack into the car—it struggled like the devil—and drove, hell-for-leather, out as far as Thornton Heath.

"I dropped the cat, still in the sack, on the steps of a house, and drove back. It was a Saturday. I didn't go out to work on Saturdays. When I got back my wife was in a flutter.

"'Where have you been?' she asked.

"'Well,' I said, 'that's disposed of that confounded liver-coloured cat, anyway.' And I told her what had happened.

"She said, 'You've been dreaming.' And she pointed. On the mat in front of the fireplace . . . yes. *The cat!*

"Can you explain that? I looked at my wife. She looked at me. 'Don't think I'm mad. I'm not—only fed up.' I said. 'But I give you my word of honour that I dumped that cat ten miles away half an hour ago.'

"She said: 'I don't think you're mad. There's something uncanny about this . . . cat. I'm afraid of it. It's not natural. It doesn't eat or sleep. And it keeps *staring*. And—John—I *know* the man from the cats' home took that cat away. I *saw* him take it. And then . . . I came out of the bedroom, and there it was, sitting, just looking at me. John—*what is it?*'

"I said, 'I don't know. But, my dear little girl, all the cats on earth aren't worth your little finger . . . and so you and I are going to take this cat to a vet., and we're going to have it put to sleep once and for all.'

"MY wife put on her coat. The cat let me pick it up and carry it. It felt damp and cold. We took it to a vet., four streets away. We stood by when he put it in a gas-chamber. We waited. Then the vet. opened the box, and said:

"'Now, that's strange!'

"I didn't ask him what was strange. I guessed. The cat wasn't there. 'Where can it have gone?' he asked. I could have told him where.

"My wife and I were afraid to go home. But we went. And there sat the cat.

"It's been there ever since. My wife has gone to stay with her sister in Beckenham. I go there week-ends. But I don't go home. To be frank, I'm afraid to.

"Would you like to take my key? You can go and see for yourself—a liver-coloured cat, sitting by the fireplace. I'll wait outside for you. Do you want to go and see?"

It was very late. I said I could not go. But then, later still, I had an unpleasant sensation of having missed something strange and true. I went back to Rocco's. The man with the limp had gone. I never saw him again.

Britons Fight On as Guerillas

SCORES of British soldiers are fighting with the gallant little army of the Jugoslav General Michailovich, still holding out against the German invaders.

Not even their best friends would recognise them in their tattered Greek clothes and German helmets.

But they are part of the biggest guerilla army ever to operate in the rear of the Nazis.

They are men from famous British regiments who found themselves stranded in Greece with the German invaders in their rear and the wide sea in front of them.

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But they soon found helpful friends among the Greeks.

They had heard the tale of the heroic Jugoslav guerillas who refused to acknowledge defeat and went on fighting against the enemy, and they decided to try to join them.

It was a dangerous, a hazardous trip which led the men in little groups of three or four across the strange Greek country towards the Jugoslav frontier.

In the Jugoslav mountains they soon met the outposts and the scouts of the Jugoslav guerillas who are holding wide stretches of territory.

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And, in much quicker time than anybody would have thought of Britons who, maybe only eighteen months ago, were serving behind a counter or working in a factory, they adapted themselves to the strange life of modern guerillas.

Yes, they are there and fighting for Britain and her allies on a front that may become vital when German plans in the Balkans and against the Middle East materialise.

Holding, with their Serb comrades, a second front, they are a vital link in the net which will strangle Germany.

Human Machine

NOT SO EASY!

The ability to think, to use your brains, to work out your own views of things and your own judgments of people from your own ideas and observations is as desirable as it is difficult.

No one who is content to let other people do his thinking for him is really awake.

Yet to think is not so easy.

Before you can think for yourself you have to get your physical brain completely under control.

You have to learn to suppress its all-too-great readiness to accept any and every idea that floats along.

You have to learn to make it selective: to train it to inspect and to accept or reject—and the latter is frequently the more important of the two.

Then you have to train your brain not to reproduce idly the thoughts of others, but to use these thoughts only as the raw material for thoughts of its own.

Not so easy!

But after you have learned to do all this, there is still more to learn, and that is still less easy.

You have then, at all costs, to train your brain—that is, yourself—to think simply. For every ten who can think there is not more than one who can think simply.

And how can we learn to think simply?

Well, learn to think of one thing at a time, solve one problem at a time, pursue one idea at a time.

Learn to keep your brain at home and stop it from wandering.

Learn to *concentrate*.

DEFENCE AGAINST INVASION

By Walter Whitman

WILL Hitler's Huns descend on Britain in the Spring - in a desperate effort to seize victory before America's hosts can reach Europe in force?

Will defeat in the East compel Hitler to strike at the main citadel of freedom as a last resort?

If he does decide to make the plunge, the sort of show our defences put up will largely depend upon the work done in hundreds of British factories during the next three vital months.

Just before this war began, a single flotilla of small, fast motor torpedo-boats of a novel kind took its place under the White Ensign.

These new "baby battleships" could run about the sea at close on fifty miles an hour.

A Surprise Trip

They could actually move, without refuelling, for hundreds of miles. They did, in point of fact, surprise everybody outside of Admiralty circles, by proceeding to Malta with only one pause for supplies!

If invasion is seriously attempted, these vest-pocket torpedo carriers will be one of our main defensive weapons.

Some of the factories which are building these mosquito craft are situated well inland. They're using up vast quantities of the finest woods and metals procurable.

And, in addition, dozens of works are busy preparing a warm reception for any of the foe who dislike the sea crossing to Britain, and so decide to come here by train!

Yes, glider-trains will be one of the means adopted if the Huns dare to strike our way. And these strange, silent craft, in strings of four, five or six, will bring some problems with them, believe me.

'Planes bring them to a convenient "throwing-off" point, then the gliders are loosed.

Each usually carries six or eight fully equipped troops.

And it would not be easy for our fighter pilots to deal with them.

Bullets would, as a rule, go clean through the invading craft and do little real damage.

One of the Answers

It is clear, then, that these air-in-vasion craft present special difficulties, which have to be faced by the factories of Britain.

One of a number of answers lies in the Bofors gun—a quick-firing A.A. piece which would play a very big part in our defences if air-invasion were attempted.

For airfield defence, whether against glider-landings, low-flying bombing attacks, or against transport planes bringing troops, these Bofors are ideal.

They spit two-pounder shells up at the foes at a very rapid rate, and, although primarily intended for defence against low-flying attack or dive-bombing, they have a remarkably good range.

First time they were used in earnest, though, their crews were disgusted.

It happened during the retirement to the French coast, just before the Dunkirk evacuation began.

These vest-pocket torpedo-carriers will be one of our main defensive weapons

One battery of Bofors guns was in action from early morning until dusk. Gunners worked until they could hardly stand with fatigue. Reserve crews worked themselves to pieces.

As darkness fell, there wasn't an officer or man in that battery who was free from bitter anger.

They had not seen a single enemy Stuka as much as winged.

And as they were cursing the authorities for sending them out to France with utterly useless material, headquarters came through: "Congratulations on your splendid work," said the voice of one of the High-ups.

"Is this a joke?" demanded the Battery Commander, whose patience was rather more than exhausted!

"A joke? Heavens, man, do you mean to tell me you don't know what your guns have done?"

Then it came out.

Bits and Pieces!

Over a radius of ten miles from the battery's position, Hun bombers—or bits of them—were scattered about. Investigation revealed that the battery had destroyed more than three dozen, and probably forty, bombers.

But they didn't know they'd done it!

The small two-pound shells had scored hits time after time, but without immediate effect. The stricken Hun 'planes had flown for some distance before crashing, or else exploding in the air.

Since then, the Bofors has done splendid work in defence of Britain.

But its biggest chance will come if ever the Hun gliders and transport 'planes start to land.

The m.t.b. on the sea approaches, and the Bofors gun inland, are two of the main key-weapons in Britain's anti-invasion plan.

And a hundred thousand or more workers whose sweat and skill go into them are part of our essential Home Defence!

Many People Love

Every week Humanist tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

By HUMANIST

READERS will remember the vogue of Coué-ism a few years ago. Believers in the system used to repeat aloud to themselves: "Every day and in every way I am getting better and better and better." There is no doubt that a number of people improved their health by this means.

But before I say any more, let me quote a letter which has just reached me.

You have often written about the great influence the mind has over the body (*says a woman reader*), and I have lately proved how very true it is. I made up my mind not to be ill, and although everybody else in the house has been laid up this winter, I have come through without an hour's illness.

I am certain a lot of sickness is due to imagination and fear. Don't you think people could be hypnotised into good health? Can't we hypnotise ourselves into a state of mind that resists illness? I should like to know whether you think it is possible.

The word "hypnotise" may alarm some people, and it would be simpler to speak of "suggestion." I picked up a shilling book on auto-suggestion on a station bookstall recently, and found it definitely helpful. The letter quoted above made me look at it again.

Why can't we all make use of Coué's system and so make our minds healthier? The answer is that many people don't really want to be better. They secretly enjoy being ill—provided it does not go too far.

When you are disgustingly well, nobody takes much notice of you, but when you are an invalid, people make sympathetic inquiries and pay unusual attentions. If you like that sort of thing you will go on being ill. When the secret wishes pull one way and the will power pulls another, the secret wishes always win.

AUTO-suggestion can do much if you honestly desire a thing. It can help you to achieve it. Consider the problem of bad temper which comes to me every day of the week. The following is a fair example:

Everyone prays for the end of the war but me! My husband has been a prisoner in Germany for over eighteen months, and the separation has been such a relief.

We have been married thirteen years, and there are six children, none of them old enough to leave school. My husband has a violent temper.

Last week I received a letter from him in which he says: "If I have ever caused you and the children any unhappiness I have been punished. This separation is unbearable, and I must know what your feelings are towards me. Otherwise I can't go on."

I have no wish to add to my husband's suffering by writing an unkind letter, but how can I answer him truthfully?

We want to Hear about Waste

"ONE male member of every family in the land should be sent to sea as a merchantman for a few weeks," writes Mrs. Lilian Mayor, of Myerscroft Close, New Moston, Manchester, who comes from a seafaring family.

"Then wicked waste will end."

It is one of the truest things ever written about waste.

★ ★ ★

Our letters this week tell us:

Of a firm that has just buried old steel pulleys under its discarded ashes.

Of miles of broken, rusty front-garden chains hidden under hedges.

Of a Derby local authority that refused 1,000 empty 6s. 6d. bully beef tins—and sent them back when they were delivered.

Of a quayside where 200 tons of scrap metal, dumped there before the war, still awaits shipment to Germany.

Of a railway waggon loaded with steel that has lain untouched for six months on a siding. ("It's lost," say the railwaymen.)

Of a firm which, receiving all sorts of fitments for a ship, burnt all the valuable packing in which they were contained.

Of an authority that accepts all carefully sorted refuse, mixes it, and destroys the whole lot.

Yes, all the people responsible should be given a turn at sea—bringing the materials concerned to Britain at the risk of their lives.

But we have sent all these hideous cases to the authorities—and we intend that they shall be put right. We shall do the same with any instances you send to us.

★ ★ ★

But, meanwhile, don't play the same game as these lukewarm patriots.

For it is the small bones that hold together your weekly meat ration ("Too small to hand over, my dear"), the little bit of paper that comes through your letter-box every week ("I'm sure nobody will want that"), and the few pieces of metal and rubber that hang about your house, that are the biggest salvage contributions that can be made to victory.

The small offerings of 45,000,000 people are a hundred times more than what the big people have to offer.

So see that all your own salvage reaches the national effort. The street salvage steward idea is best—why not get such a scheme working in your own street?

And, meanwhile, tell us all you know about wastage of that all-important war material—salvage.

We'll do the rest.

GOD'S POSTERS

WE all need a change of heart, and before this War is through, things will have happened which will have changed the World for me and you. And the lessons we've got to learn will shine out for Man to behold, for the Walls of the World will be transformed with God's Posters in Living Gold.

AND Mankind will stand enthralled and realise all it has lost; it will see as it never thought to see all that the War has Cost! It will see the selfish aims that stemmed Life's Happy Tide, it will see the Cause of the Suffering and why such millions died!

WE all need a change of heart, and that change will only be known when the Crimes of Men are Torn Down and The Posters of God Are Shown. When the Cause of Humanity is put first in our Human World, and the Past's Unworkable Social Plans on the Scrap-heap of Life are hurled.

J. M.

Being Ill

When you are an invalid people make sympathetic enquiries and pay unusual attentions

I replied to the last question by post. The reason I quote the letter here is because I want to deal with this everlasting problem of temper. Why does a man wreck his wife's happiness and the entire peace of the home by flying into rages?

He could stop it if he really wished to do so. Anybody could.

But there is no doubt that some men and women enjoy flying into a "paddy." It gives them a sense of power!

The man who is a nobody in business is often tempted to pose as somebody of enormous importance by acting the tyrant to a long-suffering wife and half-scared children.

Temper may be necessary and justifiable on occasion, but in nine cases out of every ten it is neither.

NOW for a very different type of problem, which comes from a mother:

I wonder if you could help me in any way? I am worried about my youngest boy, who is very backward at school. His teacher tells me that he is especially bad at arithmetic.

I would help him myself at home, but I am very bad at sums and so is his father. I think it must run in the family. My eldest, who is nearly seventeen, was always slow with figures. He can't add or subtract without taking an awful time—and then he is more often wrong than right.

What I want to ask you is whether I ought to teach my boy to do sums at home.

I don't think a mother should attempt to teach arithmetic to a schoolboy. Her methods would be different from those taught at school and would merely make the boy more confused than ever.

As for that older boy who is so slow in calculating, I seriously recommend that he should play darts! When he throws three darts and scores seventeen, double three, and treble fifteen he will naturally work out the sum for himself, and speed will come with practice.

The mother need not worry about her own weakness in arithmetic.

Quickness at figures is important to a cashier, an accountant, a banker, and a waitress; but the majority of people manage well enough with the sort of arithmetic taught up to the age of ten.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

** If you have a letter with a good adventure story, we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

PERHAPS you've heard the broadcast of an entertainment to the troops.

But have you peeped behind the scenes of such a show?

If not, here's a letter to Mrs. W. Mays, of 11, Westbourne Road, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough, from a sister with a mixed anti-aircraft battery, to tell you what sometimes happens:

On the eve of the show I was given the job of making a bridal bouquet out of paper, and a false moustache for the villain.

The entertainers arrive. First setback is that there are no curtains, no footlights no wings. And half the piano is missing.

A runner rushes down to the farm for the other half of the piano, and somebody gets busy with nails.

No hammer, so an axe is used instead.

The pianist complains that the piano has no music-rest. "Must you have one?" asks a despairing officer.

Yes, pianist must have one. So runner arrives with boxwood and nails, proceeds to drive latter through the piano's mahogany frame.

Pianist winces with each blow.

Off goes the pianist on an overture. Nobody can recognise anything. It appears that eight of the notes have been nailed together!

We have a dramatic sketch based on the Eternal Triangle—meant to create sympathy for all the three parties concerned. A heart-rending shout from the big A.T.S. girl on the second row: "Oh, she's after her husband, and the wife doesn't know it," brings yells of delighted laughter, and the tragedienne goes off the stage a broken woman.

She catches her foot in a batten on the way off and goes full length—earning laughs instead of sobs.

Now we come to a very serious woman singer. She is arguing. Doesn't she want to appear? Oh, she's demanding her signature-tune, and with eight notes sticking together she can't have it. She had to be pushed on to the stage, mortally offended.

★ ★ ★

UNWELCOME "CARGO"

Now a picture of a dirty old collier bound for London from a North-Eastern port. For security reasons we mustn't give you the name of the ship or the writer:

Betty, the balloon we towed, suddenly deflated and fell in the sea.

We were deploring her loss when a German bomber appeared and columns of water rose round us.

One apparently hit us. We started to fill with water. Clouds of water and steam came from the engine-room, and in the darkness—the lights had gone out—we could see cascades of water entering.

Fortunately, we were able to get the lights on again. So we hadn't been holed! The main engine circulating pump had been hit, and was actually pumping water *into* the ship.

We made port, although the compass had been wrecked. And there we found the cause of the trouble—a huge unexploded bomb, as big as our galley-boy. A member of the bomb-disposal squad tried to put his arms round it, but his fingers wouldn't meet!

★ ★ ★

WHERE'S THAT BOMBER!

And what about the German and Italian air raids on Malta! Costly attacks, judging from a letter written home by Private R. Bleasdale (3,858,117):

The enemy machines come over so high that we feel rather helpless, but our pilots and A.A. gunners make up tenfold for what we long to do but can't. It was so much easier when the dive-bombers came over. They fly lower. I have the consolation of knowing I hit one of those.

I saw one of our fighter pilots dive through our own flak to bring down one of those.

I saw a soldier working on a telegraph-pole slide down, get a machine-gun, bring down a dive-bomber, climb the pole again, and quietly resume his job. I've seen a Maltese policeman do the same thing.

★ ★ ★

THE FLYING CARPET

Now for one of the last letters out of lost Malaya. Writer is Leading Aircraftman W. Jones; the recipient Mrs. Edwards, a friend, of Rhos, Wrexham:

Preferring the silent places, I prefer the Malayan mainland to Singapore.

There is something more than rubber-trees to gaze on. Muddy water-buffaloes wallow in every stagnant pool. Nets hang under the fruit trees, so that the tigers won't eat the fruit.

Taking a walk, we came across a lizard 2 ft. 8 in. long. We are still arguing as to what it was. Then we saw lying before us the thickest, bluest, newest carpet I have ever seen. We approached, and it dissolved into thousands of magnificent butterflies. The colourful effect of their crowded flight was remarkable.

SOME OF THE ANSWERS

WHY HAVE WE NO DIVE-BOMBERS?

● The decisions over what kinds of 'planes, ships and weapons are to be made often rest upon strategic principles and high policy.

Sometimes they depend upon agreement between the three Services. When there is disagreement, much-needed things are neglected for months.

In the case of the dive-bombers, which the Germans had used with such terrible effect, the War Office turned them down as Army co-operation machines.

Even now, when the Japs have used them with devilish efficiency, it is argued that a fighter firing a heavy cannon-shell would be better.

Some experts still consider that the dive-bomber is a very vulnerable aircraft, only useful where the enemy fighter opposition is weak.

They claim that the Junkers 87 dive-bomber has never been successful when we have had enough fighters to oppose it.

ARE WE TOO SOFT WITH WAR CRIMINALS?

● Lord Wootton seems still content if black marketeers receive maximum fines. Sir William Jowitt, the Solicitor-General, declares that black market offenders should face a firing-squad.

Yes, but how far is execution to go?

People who buy in the black market are quite as guilty as the people who sell there. If there were no buyers, there would be no sellers.

During Prohibition days, millions of Americans, who grew very angry at the thought of a gangster, failed to realise that they themselves were creating gangsterdom by buying illegal drink.

If it is right to shoot black market tradesmen, it is equally right to shoot all the people who deal with them. Soon there would be a shortage of ammunition.

WHY ARE THERE IDLE PITS?

● It is grievous to note that, even in the middle of a war, it is still possible for owners to close down mines on the ground that it is "not economic" to work them any longer.

A nation which still thinks in terms of profit is encouraging defeat.

Before the Sankey Commission sat, the Government gave a pledge that its recommendations would be made law. Yet when it decided in favour of nationalisation nothing was done.

From that day, the coal industry has continued in its old state of mess.

Naturally, private owners have to think in profit. That is why the profit system must go.

For we want more coal—at all cost.

HANNEN SWAFFER

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

ABSENTEEISM among married women workers at a vast steel works has been solved by having a children's nursery in the factory itself, enabling women to take their children to work with them.—H. Hooper, Jepson Street, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Army officers who tell their men, "You are not paid to think. I'll do any thinking necessary," are committing a serious offence. King's Rules and Regulations lay down clearly that an officer should not say anything which lowers the self-respect necessary to make a man a good soldier.—S. S., Acton, W.

★ ★ ★

What point was there in the letter from an Army gunner suggesting that men who have been regular patrons of pubs receive more presents than teetotallers? Surely he doesn't mean that generosity is the exclusive virtue of Bonifaces.—A. D. Mackie, Nicol Street, Kirkcaldy.

(Not quite, but subsequent letters received from soldiers speak of "pubs" that send men 10s. a week, 15s. a month, 10s. a month, and £1 for every leave spent at home.—EDITOR.)

★ ★ ★

A man going into the Army is guaranteed his job back—but what help is there for the small master-man? My window-cleaner has spent twenty years building up his round, and will have to begin again when he is discharged.—R. Galsworthy, Poole Street, Exmouth.

'WHAT WOULD YOU DO, CHUMS?' says Syd Walker

LUMME! It's funny 'ow things happen to me, Chums! I seem to be pretty busy, with me junk business these days, and between you and me I don't get much time off, but in me spare time I've got a little 'obby. I'm bunging some money into the Savings Bank. It's easy to put yer dough into, and easy to get 'old of it when you want it. D'you know what else I'm doing, Chums? I'm buying them Savings Certificates.

Lumme! to think that in ten years' time I get twenty shillings and a tanner for every fifteen bob I put in. Blimey, wouldn't you do the same, Chums? Drop me a postcard and say you will. Cheerio, Chums!

PUT YOUR MONEY INTO

WAR SAVINGS

EVERY WEEK

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES
The only National security whose earnings are free of Income Tax. Shows a 36% increase after 10 years. Easily repayable at a few days' notice.

3% DEFENCE BONDS
£5 each. Ideal for those who already hold the limit of 500 Certificates. Repayable at six months' notice. Maximum holding £1,000.

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You can deposit any sum from 1/- upwards. You get interest at the rate of 2½ per cent per annum. Easy to put in. Easy to take out.

Issued by The National Savings Committee

THE LAST LAUGH

G. N. (Kidderminster). — "For the ninth anniversary of Hitler's coming to power, Goebbels ordered the German people not to hang out flags." But just to hang out.

P. Y. (Savernake).—"I see that a radio comedian has been criticised for telling his jokes too quickly at the microphone." Perhaps it is considered unfair on other radio comedians who listen in and can't write shorthand.

S. B. (East Coast).—"Few shoppers went to shelters when the siren sounded on a recent occasion here." In fact, we heard that the opinion was freely expressed that it was time the authorities realised there was a sale on.

P. N. (Penge).—"Nowadays it is cyclists who take up most of the road." We have always thought it was navvies who did this.

H. W. (Frome).—"When a man is seen running in the street, it is instinctive for people to hasten after him." Especially at this time of year if he happens to be a plumber.

L. F. (Oxenholme).—"In some parts of Italy, soap is 2s. 6d. a cake." More than ever people are commending the wisdom of the authorities who originally declared that the official garment of the Fascist movement should be a black shirt.

R. V. (Northwood).—"Life insurance business in Germany is said to be very poor." We understand that the position of one company is particularly shaky owing to the number of Generals holding policies.

T. C. (Crieff). — "While cycling home along a quiet country lane, I saw a fox with white markings on its coat slink into the undergrowth." We know somebody who claims to have seen a herd of tartan elephants and a colony of pink rats when cycling home on a recent Saturday night.

G. B. (Cardiff).—"I know a man who recalls that some years ago he saw Hitler slip and lose his footing in a Munich restaurant when attempting to negotiate a step which wasn't there." Apparently the Fuehrer hadn't got his intuition with him that day.

COMEDIAN (Staines). — "Thirty years ago I sang a song which made the audience throw eggs at me." Then why not revive it?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I've just infiltrated 'ere to tell yer, Sir, that the Colonel wants yer to filter over and see 'im."

G. M. (Hatfield). — "Years ago I was an easy winner in a contest in which competitors had to run a mile, walk a mile, cycle a mile and skate a mile." Sure you didn't skip a mile?

D. A. (East Grinstead).—"Railway electrification has, of course, been postponed during the war." Not altogether. When a steam train recently arrived punctually at a station all the passengers were electrified.

T. Y. (Windsor).—"There is little real exercise in darts as there is no bending." Just as well, perhaps. Anybody bending might provide too tempting a target for one of the other players.

E. K. (Uxbridge).—"If you were to publish the enclosed poem, you would gain hundreds of readers." But we are thinking of the hundreds we should lose.

A. W. (Eastchurch). — "When I realised that the firm was not straight, I got out of it." How much?

O. J. (Hampstead).—"Why do so many Scots keep strangers at arm's length? Is it because they are shy?" No. Because they don't want to be touched.

Side-Slips

EMPIRE NEWS:—"The alternative to this will be for them to attempt to get on the night RAINS to London . . ."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"The wonder was that my spine was not splintered and that I am here to tell the tale, with only a sore body, scarred cheeks, a red NOSE and right hand in a sling."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Edward Shaw is an ex-Serviceman of the Great War, in which he served from 1915-18.

After losing his employment through sickness, he has been in bed for five weeks with acute rheumatism, which has made him unfit for work for a long time. He has chronic bronchitis, and is compelled to be off work for a long period every winter. And to add to his troubles, he has just lost his eldest son on active service.

His wife, too, suffers from bronchitis every winter.

There are two sons of school age. A daughter of 17 earns 25s., and there is 19s. from National Health Insurance. On this pitiful income the family struggle to live.

Their immediate worry is pressure for payment of £4 13s. for hire-purchase furniture, and 23s. for gas.

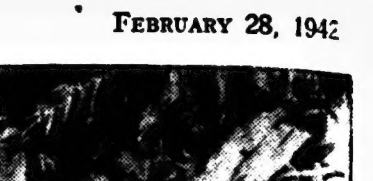
Will you help Edward Shaw and his family? Donations, earmarked "Pressure" (or for our General Fund), should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and we are grateful to those of our readers who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application!

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*



Result of "BULLETS" 1,310

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J. G. Dodds, 17, Clevedon Road, Luton, Beds.
Example: HARD TO FIND
Bullet: A "WESTON" AMONG CRITICS.
£20: H. Varley, 1, Hamilton Road, Carr Hall, Nelson.
Example: Old Clothes
Bullet: THE "Tern" World's "Blended."
£10: M. Elliott, 129, Chillingham Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example: Running Into Waterloo.
Bullet: Train Hitler Labelled "Moscow."
£5: R. F. Sims, 55, Tynemouth Road, N. Tottenham, N.15.
Target For To-morrow—Dad's Garden, Every Night!
£4: J. Beard, 77, Pentley Cross Lane, St. Helens.
Target For To-morrow—Better World—"Reconstruct" To-day!
£3: A. E. Jordan, 7, Highfield Gardens, Grays, Essex.
To Smash The Nazi—"Octopus." Pike?
£2: W. Blake, 316, Bloomsbury Street, Nechells, Birmingham.
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30s.: J. H. Bailey, 10, Mount View, Uppermill, Oldham.
Target For To-morrow—House That Jack Built.
30s.: R. Roche, 3, Canal Cottages, Spinkhill, Nr. Sheffield.
Just As He Mastered—Shin, Drafted To Libya!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

8 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 262.

WINNING WORDS: 1. Birch. 2. Shaft. 3. Fury. 4. Cave. 5. Hoist. 6. Penny. 7. Cape. 8. Pier. 9 Ball. 10. Rose. 11. Alps. 12. Pod. 13. Tender. 14. Clove.

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Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

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Phillips TONIC YEAST
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IF you're troubled with a rough chapped skin, annoying chilblains, or even a poisoned wound or eczema—let this wonderful Zam-Buk put it right.

Containing refined medicinal oils which are easily absorbed into the skin, Zam-Buk soothes pain and irritation, kills bad germs, allays inflammation and gives you a healthy, clear skin. Zam-Buk is also excellent for quick clean healing of everyday cuts, burns, bruises, etc., and for sore, aching feet.

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For result of Xword No. 262, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 KIND OF SUPPORT OFTEN SUITABLE FOR SMALL CLIMBING PLANTS	S T R ■ N G ■			
2 POISONOUS DRUG MAY TAKE THE FORM OF ONE	■ C U ■ E ■ ■			
3 HAVING BOUGHT NEW WAR-TIME OVERCOAT, MAN MAY FEEL THIS	■ ■ ■ ■ O L D			
4 TO BE POPULAR SUCCESS FILM MUST BE OF THIS KIND	■ ■ L ■ V E ■			
5 NO MAN IS EVER JUSTIFIED IN STEALING THIS	C R U ■ T ■ ■			
6 PAINTER OCCASIONALLY NEEDS THIS OF SOME SPECIAL COLOUR	■ ■ D ■ S H ■			
7 ONE MAY WELL COST A MAN SOMETHING IN DRINKS	■ T O ■ D Y ■			
8 IT'S DIFFICULT TO HAVE MUCH SYMPATHY FOR ONE WHO OFTEN	■ ■ ■ ■ O B S			
9 WILL DO TO PUT UNDER CARPET TO SAVE WEAR	■ F E ■ T ■ ■			
10 IT'S ALWAYS PREFERABLE TO EAT THIS FRESH	F O O ■ ■ ■ ■			
11 POSTMAN MAY BE ANNOYED WHEN ONE, THREATENS	■ ■ ■ ■ O G ■			
12 IT'S A PROBLEM FOR HITLER TO KEEP EVERY WORKMAN IN	■ T O ■ L S ■			
13 SPECIAL COUNTRY IS DEFINITELY ASSOCIATED WITH	■ G A ■ L I C			
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Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.
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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of ties or ties. £25 Cash award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated March 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH
Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1,000 MERIT AWARDS
FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY MAR. 20

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"
TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,310 appears on page 14

FOR ALL THE WORLD
NOW'S THE TIME TO
NATIONAL SCANDAL
MUST BE MADE
REINFORCEMENTS
DAD THINKS
HEALTHY CRITICISM
TOTAL WARFARE
THORNY PROBLEM
TO HURRY THINGS UP
AS IT SHOULD BE
WITHOUT A WORD
WHEN IT'S TOO LATE

TAXATION'S A BURDEN, BUT
LOST IN THE JUNGLE
NOW SOAP'S RATIONED
SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES
IF GRUMBLING WERE TAXED
THERE'S NOTHING TO PAY, SO
WE WANT TO KNOW WHY

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO AWAKEN.....
GOING TO THE.....
THING TO.....
WOMAN IN THE.....
WAVE OF.....
AUNTIE SAW A.... AND

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE EFFORTS may be enclosed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value.... No.....
1,314 Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 9.

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,314—or Xword No. 264, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

I KEEP FIT

—and so can you!

No one should suffer from the unhappy effects of constipation—when, by taking Beecham's Pills, it is possible to avoid constipation itself. In this trustworthy home medicine you have the perfect laxative, gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

Purely vegetable
Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere.
Worth a Guinea a Box

TAILS UP

"This night-fighting in the Larder Guard is getting me down. The mice run circles round me. I'll resign on grounds of bad health."

"Now the balloon's going up! They've started to give me 'TIBS'! Look out Mousserschmitts!"

"What did I tell you? No food going west now—but the mice are! There ought to be 'TIBS' for all us Larder Guards."

TIBS
'TIBS' are tasteless in food. From all chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 9, or 1/1½ for 21.
100 PUFFS IN EVERY PACKET
A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

Oh, My Back!

A Sudden Pain often indicates Kidney Trouble

SAFEGUARD YOUR KIDNEYS
when you are worried or overworked or are convalescing from a cold, chill or fever. Your blood filters have a heavy task to perform and it is not surprising that at such times they often become congested and fail to work properly. You may feel worn-out, head dizzy and aching, or you may be subject to such symptoms as Backache, Inflamed Muscles and Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Urinary and Bladder Trouble, Disturbed Nights and Gravel.

Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This modern medicine will stimulate sluggish kidneys to flush out excess uric acid and other poisons. The early use of Doan's Pills may save you weeks of needless discomfort.

1/5, 3/3, 5/8 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

Make MARS last longer..

CUT IT UP

INTO

SLICES

Every Mars Bar is so richly satisfying in flavour and goodness that — now they are rationed — you'll want to make the most of every one. So cut that chewy chunky bar into slices and s-l-r-e-l-c-h your enjoyment of it, piece by toothsome piece.

COMPARE THE CALORIES YOU GET FOR 2½d.
EGGS 61 · MILK 190 · BEEF 131 · MARS 270

Mars GRAND FOOD-GRAND FLAVOUR!

Save fuel

COAL · COKE · ELECTRICITY
GAS · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

for the factories

Use the hot water boiler or radiator only on days when they are really required. Heat the water gradually — don't rush up the temperature with a fierce fire.

Issued by the Mines Department

'Take my case'

says Mrs. Shopper

"So now it's deliveries!" says Mrs. Shopper. "I know that shopkeepers have their trials too, with supplies so hard to get and people so difficult to satisfy. I do what I can to help, shop early in the week if possible, and always carry home all I can. But I can't carry everything and sometimes it's impossible to get to the shops. Now they say we shan't be able to get any deliveries. Have we got to turn ourselves into carthorses? And what about the people who can't always shop for themselves?"

You've got it all wrong, Mrs. Shopper. There is no question of stopping all deliveries, but the shopkeepers of the country are getting together in a great drive to save petrol, rubber and man-power. Their plans will vary according to local conditions, and may include (1) Pooling of vehicles for groups of shops—your joint may arrive in the grocer's van, (2) Restriction of delivery areas for an individual shop, (3) Delivery on certain days only. Meanwhile, Mrs. Shopper, you are helping in the most practical way by carrying home everything you can, so

thank you, Mrs. Shopper.

FOOD FACTS No. 83. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

British Gold

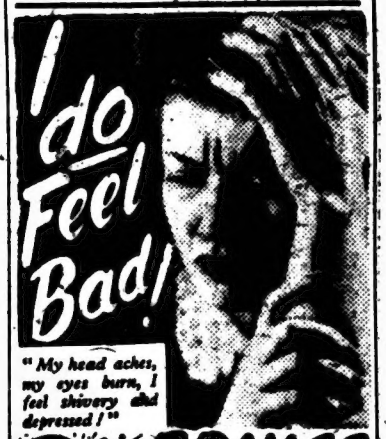
SMOKING MIXTURE

A mild, and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.

Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 1/5 OZ.



"My head aches, my eyes burn, I feel shivery and depressed!"

2½d BRINGS RELIEF!

BEECHAM'S Powders will bring you relief. Take one **NOW** and notice the difference. Your pain vanishes! Your spirits revive! If you have a cold coming on, it is nipped in the bud! **Beecham's Powders ACT LIKE MAGIC**—yet they cost only 2½d. each. People ask, "Why are they **QUICKER-ACTING?** Why are they **MORE CERTAIN** in results?" *The answer lies in their special powder form!* Get a supply at once!

Prices in Gt. Britain (Inc. Purchase Tax)
Cartons of 2 Powders 1/0d.
Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

A close shave!

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES
ON THE WEEKLY WALLET
THE BLADES LAST LONGER
Also STEAD SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES

Keep warm within
with
Victory-V
LOZENGES

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